

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

We copy the following from Irving's *Crayon Miscellanies* :—

Newstead Abbey is one of the finest specimens in existence of those quaint and romantic piles, half castle, half convent, which remain as monuments of the olden times in England. It was originally a priory, founded in the latter part of the twelfth century, by Henry II., at the time when he sought, by the building of shrines and convents, and by other acts of external piety, to expiate the murder of Thomas à Becket.

At the time of the dissolution of the convents, during the reign of Henry VIII., Newstead was given, with the neighboring manor and rectory of Papelwick, to Sir John Byron, Steward of Manchester and Rochdale, and Lieutenant of Sherwood Forest. He converted the saintly edifice into a castellated dwelling, making it his favorite residence and the seat of his forest-jurisdiction.

The Byron family being subsequently ennobled by a baronial title, and enriched by various possessions, maintained great style and retinue at Newstead. The proud edifice partook, however, of the vicissitudes of the times, and Lord Byron, in one of his poems, represents it as alternately the scene of lordly wassailing and of civil war :

"Hark, how the hall resounding to the strain,  
Shakes with the martial music's novel din!  
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,  
High crested banners wave thy walls within.  
Of changing sentinels the distant hum,  
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnished  
arms,  
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,  
Unite in concert with increased alarms."

About the middle of the last century, the Abbey came into the possession of the grand-uncle of the poet, familiarly known among the gossiping chroniclers of the Abbey as "the wicked Lord Byron." The wayward passions of this unhappy man caused a separation from his wife, and finally spread a solitude around him. Being displeased at the marriage of his son and heir, he displayed an inveterate malignity towards him. Not being able to cut off his succession to the Abbey estate, which descended to him by entail, he endeavored to injure it as much as possible, so that it might come a mere wreck into his hands. He was baffled in his unnatural revenge by the premature death of his son, and passed the remainder of his days brooding amidst the scenes he had laid waste.

The death of the "old lord" occurred in 1798, and the Abbey then passed into the possession of the poet, then a boy of eleven years of age and living in humble style with his mother in Scotland. During Lord Byron's minority, the

Abbey was let to Lord Grey de Ruthven, but the poet visited it occasionally during the Harrow-vacations, when he resided with his mother at Nottingham. It was treated little better by its present tenant than by the old lord who preceded him; so that when, in the autumn of 1808, Lord Byron took up his abode there, it was in a ruinous condition. The following lines, from his own pen, may give some idea of its condition :—

"Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow  
winds whistle,  
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;  
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and  
thistle  
Have choked up the rose which once bloomed  
in the way."

Of the mail-covered barons, who, proudly, to  
battle  
Led thy vassals from Europe to Palestine's  
plain,  
The escutcheon and shield, which with every  
wind rattle,  
Are the only, sad, vestiges now that remain."

Lord Byron had not sufficient fortune to put the building in extensive repair, nor to maintain anything like the state of his ancestor. He restored some of the apartments, so as to furnish a comfortable home for his mother, and fitted up a quaint study for himself. But the repairs thus made were of transient benefit; for the roof being left in its dilapidated state, the rain soon penetrated into the restored apartments, and, in a few years, rendered them almost as desolate as the rest of the Abbey.

It is needless to enter into a detail of circumstances which led his lordship to sell his ancestral property. Fortunately it fell into the hands of Col. Wildman, an enthusiastic admirer of the poet; and it was a great consolation to Lord Byron, in parting with his family-estate, to know that it was held by one capable of restoring its faded glories, and who would respect and preserve all the monuments and memorials of his line. The confidence of Lord Byron in the good feeling and taste of Col. Wildman, has been justified by the event. Under his judicious eye and munificent hand, the venerable and romantic pile has risen from its ruins, in all its old monastic and baronial splendor. Eighty thousand pounds have already been expended, yet the work is still going on, and Newstead promises to realize the hope faintly breathed by the poet when bidding it a melancholy farewell :—

"Haply thy sun emerging, yet may shine,  
Thee to irradiate with meridian ray;  
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,  
And bless thy future as thy former day."

## WISHING.

## A NURSERY SONG.

Rise—ting! I wish I were a Primrose,  
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the  
Spring!

The stooping boughs above me,  
The wandering bee to love me,  
The fern and moss to creep across,  
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,  
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves  
gay!

The winds would set them dancing,  
The sun and moonshine glance in,

And Birds would house among the boughs,  
And sweetly sing!

O—no! I wish I were a Robin,  
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go!  
Through forest, field, or garden,  
And ask no leave or pardon,  
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs,  
To ruffle up our wing!

Well—tell! where should I fly to,  
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?  
Before a day was over,  
Home must come the rover,  
For Mother's kiss; sweeter this  
Than any other thing!

*Household Words.*

## NEW BOOKS.

We are indebted to the publishers for the following new books:—

Three volumes of Uncle Toby's Library, published by George C. Rand, Boston: *Cousin Nelly, or the Visitor*; *Minnie's Playroom, or how to practise Calisthenics*; *Arthur's Triumph, or Goodness Rewarded*. These pretty volumes conclude a series which we believe has been successful.

*Letters to a Young Man; and other papers.* By Thomas De Quincy. Author of *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. Ticknor, Reed and Fields, Boston. [In continuation of the collection of De Quincy's writings, which Messrs. T. R. and F. have been issuing for some time—and on which, (as on many other works) they have been making voluntary payments to the foreign authors.

*Life of George Fox; with a dissertation on his views concerning the Doctrine, Testimonies, and Discipline of the Christian Church.* By Samuel M. Janney. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

*The Constitutional Text-Book: containing selections from the writings of Daniel Webster; The Declaration of Independence; The Constitution of the United States; and Washington's Farewell Address. With copious indexes.* C. S. Francis & Co., New York and Boston.

*The Barclays of Boston.* By Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis. Ticknor, Reed and Fields, Boston. Not having yet had time to read this book, we copy what the Daily Advertiser says of it:—

"Our novel reading public have been for some weeks in earnest expectation of this work, which had been announced as in the press—a large number of the copies were bespoken by eager expectants, and the whole edition is said to have been disposed of the first day. We think no reasonable or sensible person will be disappointed in the result. Some unwise people, who were not acquainted with the author, had anticipated a rich dish of gossip, in which persons whom they had known or heard of in society were to be placed before them in broad caricature—such persons it is needless to say have not got what they expected.

"Mrs. Otis has given us a pleasant novel of domestic life, with enough of a plot to sustain the interest of it, and serve to introduce and develop a great variety of characters. The day

has passed by when startling and amazing incidents, great crimes and unmitigated villains are thought necessary for the success of a romance. Some of the most effective of the modern novels take the reader at once into the family circle, and interest him directly in those domestic trials and joys in which all can sympathize, for they come alike to all. The centre point of the "Barclays" is a well arranged and well educated Boston family, from which good hints might be taken in many households. The characters in this family are diversified and drawn with spirit and good taste. The miser Egerton, with his gentle and sorrowing sister, and her two brave boys, make a pleasant group in the picture, and are all important in bringing out the plot, while Mrs. Ashley, the real heroine, with her good sense, and spirit, and fine manners, her sensible views of society, and life at home and abroad, gives the crowning charm to the book. The reader trembles for Uncle Richard's independence from her first introduction.

As far as we can judge, the book is having a deserved success. We constantly hear of persons who "could not put it down till they had read the whole," and this is surely the best test of a work of the kind. The public owes its thanks to the author, for devoting her leisure hours to furnishing amusement and instruction for so many. It is not a trifling matter to write a good novel. People may laugh at novels and jeer at them, but they are read more than any thing else. And the author who can at the same time that he solaces the care-worn, relieves the weary or over-worked mind, and occupies the idle with an interesting story, gives them good examples, instills good principles of religion and morality, as well as of good manners and good taste, may feel thankful that he has the capacity, and has had the industry to do the work. We congratulate Mrs. Otis upon her book, and hope it has given her as much pleasure in writing as it will give to its numerous readers."

*The Old Brewery, and the New Mission House at the Five Points, New York.* By Ladies of the Mission. Published by Stringer and Townsend, New York.

*Massachusetts Register for the Year 1854.* Embracing State and County Officers, and an Abstract of Laws and Resolves. George Adams, Boston.

From The Christian Remembrances

1. *The Tourist's Illustrated Handbook for Ireland*. 1853.
2. *A Fortnight in Ireland*. By Sir FRANCIS B. HEAD, Bart. 1852. London: Murray.
3. *Four Days in Connemara*. By Sir DIGBY NEAVE, Bart. 1853.

THE questions which are suggested to an English mind by any tolerable acquaintance with Ireland, are neither few, nor, in reality, unimportant. We shall confine ourselves, in the present article, to such as concern the surface of things; in other words, to the more obvious and generally recognized characteristics of the nation. What chiefly engages our interest in these, is not so much the importance of them,—indeed they are for the most part trifles—as their prevailing so universally. The slighter they are, the more curious it is that they should be found impressed on every specimen of the class: just as we think it more singular that the brothers and sisters of a family should resemble each other in voice, than that their features should be similar; or that “Balaam’s mark” should be found on a whole genus, than that the members of that genus should in other respects correspond. It is surely remarkable, that a whole nation should consent together in certain departures, all of them indifferent, and some of them ludicrous, from the type to which, on the whole, they are conformable. Why does an Irishman never say “yes?” Why does the whole nation, to a man, say “will” for “shall,” and “would” for “should,” when speaking in the first person? Why did it live for three hundred years on potatoes? Why is the national spade five feet long? Or, to come to more mental peculiarities, What makes the Irish eloquent? What makes them make bulls? How is it that the Irishman—aye, one and the same Irishman,—is the very soul of honor, yet the very embodiment of the spirit of lying? constitutionally the most contented, yet practically the most turbulent, of mortals? the most faithful creature, yet the “biggest chate” in the universe—so that he shall restore you your property most scrupulously one moment, and pillage you of it without mercy the next? These may seem trifling inquiries, but surely they cannot be deemed, either as a matter of ethnology or of ethics, altogether uninteresting.

In truth, the peculiarities of speech or character, which distinguish the secondary offshoots of the great human genealogical tree from its main branches, deserve to be studied, if we mistake not, in a more painstaking and philosophical spirit than has usually been brought to the investigation of them. Thus, that the Dorians of old spoke the broadest Greek, that the Bœotians were the most stupid,

and the Cretans the greatest liars in all Greece, was matter of common observation or opinion. It is to be regretted that it was not made matter of attentive investigation also. It would not have been unworthy of that Socratic philosophy which first proclaimed that “the proper study of mankind was man,” to have gone a little into the cause of the peculiarities thus attaching to some minor varieties of the species. It is disappointing, for example, to find that the lively and acute Athenians were content to laugh at the broad Scotch of their Dorian cousins, as exhibited to them by Aristophanes, and never dreamt of trying to account for it. We should have liked to know whether any philosophical *rationale* could have assigned for the fact which Epimenides declared was of immemorial standing in his day (the sixth century before the Christian era), and which had undergone no change in St. Paul’s, viz. that “the Cretans were always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies; and again, whether Bœotian dulness was really owing, as Horace assumes, to the grossness of the air.

We shall not apologize, then, for instituting a brief inquiry into the causes of some of those traits of the Irish national character which we have alluded to, notwithstanding the non-importance of some of them; convinced as we are that, in the case of nations as of individuals, trifles are often the truest index to character; and that a good service is done whenever any advance is made towards a correct diagnosis of the peculiar tendencies observable in any considerable portion of the human family.

There are circumstances, too, which render such an inquiry more than commonly interesting at the present moment. Until very lately,—indeed, we are by no means sure that the state of things has altogether passed away even now,—the English, as a nation, were not only profoundly ignorant of Ireland, but thankful for their ignorance. And truly they had much to be thankful for. Beyond a confused general notion of an ungovernable race, alternately mad with whiskey and starving on potatoes; flourishing shillelaghs at fairs, and shooting landlords from behind “ditches,” (*i. e.* stone walls,) with silver bullets; we doubt whether a much clearer conception has usually been entertained in this country of the interior life of the Irish, than of the interior of Africa. Nor have the historical and ecclesiastical antecedents of the Sister Kingdom been much less misapprehended or ignored, than its real social condition. You shall find to this day persons, otherwise fairly informed, who cannot tell you whether, or when, there was a Norman invasion of Ireland as well as of England; whether it resulted in a Hastings or a Runnymede; whether Ireland had been up to that time a heptarchy or a monarchy, a Pagan or a Christian country; whether Brian Boru was

a heathen giant or a Christian king; whether S. Columba's right name was Columba or Columbo.

Whether the immense increase in the number of tourists in Ireland, occasioned by the tempting month's ticket of the Great North-Western Railway Company, covering some 1,000 or 1,500 miles of route, and accompanied by a copy of the well got-up green book named at the head of our article, has been attended with any proportionate improvement in our acquaintance with the Irish nation, may well be doubted. But recent events have certainly awakened a more intelligent spirit of inquiry into the circumstances of the country, than existed some few years since. Famine, the precursor, and in some sense the parent, of emigration on a colossal scale, and of a religious movement of some pretensions, has turned our eyes towards a country which had hitherto presented no such stimulants to curiosity. These things among the lower classes,—while, amongst the upper, the important transfers of property effected, or effecting, under the Encumbered Estates Commission, have opened a prospect of a re-invigoration of the national life, by the infusion of a kindred but stronger element. By some sanguine persons, indeed, this is looked upon as all but a *fait accompli*, both in a social and ecclesiastical point of view. It is but to continue to the exhaustion point the present drain upon the old Irish and Roman Catholic and mortgage-encumbered population, infusing at the same time the requisite amount of omnigenous Protestantism, and of English and Scotch men, money, and enterprise, and the thing is done. Plant the English oak and Scotch fir instead of the shillelagh and arbutus upon Ireland's glorious hills, *exeunt* the Irish, enter *omnes*, and a new scene commences. It may be so. But let it be remembered, that this is not the way to restore a nation, but to blot it out, and make a new one.

However, in either case, whether the Ireland of ten years ago be destined to be merely remodelled, or to be replaced altogether, it may be well to record, either for the guidance of the future, or as a memorial of the past, to serve as a beacon light or as a monument, such an estimate of the national idiosyncrasy as our acquaintance with the subject enables us to form. This is, we conceive, the kind of information more immediately needed just now, for such as desire to form a correct judgment upon what may be called the Irish problem. Of statistics, Sir Francis Head has furnished us an abundant and valuable supply, in his "Fortnight in Ireland," not unminged, however, with many a cleverly or amusingly put illustration, upon which we shall venture to draw occasionally. To this there needs to be added a truthful conception of the national

character, with its depths and shallows; of the mutual feelings prevailing between the two great classes and communions of the country, and similar matters. It is only by the help of such knowledge that it is possible to forecast with any correctness Ireland's future, actual or potential; either what she is to be, or what she might have been. Some of our facts and illustrations may look trifling or irrelevant; others will, perhaps, have the appearance of having been painted or dressed up in a national costume for piquancy's sake. We pledge ourselves, however, to allege nothing which has not, to our mind, a real bearing upon some interesting point of the national ethics or condition; and scarcely any fact or anecdote, for the particulars of which, and as far as possible for its very wording, we cannot vouch our own personal knowledge, or that of a trustworthy authority. To some, again, we shall seem to set Irish character too high, to others too low; nor can we flatter ourselves that we have hit the *juste milieu*. Thus much we can aver, that our hardest hits, if any there be, are given, like the Irishman's own, in love and goodwill; and that, on the other hand, we are well aware that the very brightness with which some points of character stand out to our view, is in most instances but too certain an indication of some corresponding shadow lurking behind.

Irish character is among the first objects to catch the eye of an Englishman landing in Ireland. And such as he encounters it at the outset, such he finds it to be through all stages of his acquaintance with it. *Servatur ad innum qualis ab incepto*. It comes before him first in the form of the national physiognomy. Never was family likeness, the *facies non omnibus una, nec diversa tamen*, more fully exemplified. Amidst every diversity of feature, the Hibernicism of expression never fails. Jovial or roguish, open or sinister, devout or dissipated, it is all the same. Once seen, it can never be forgotten; though, even when seen a thousand times, it defies description. Were we to coin a word to convey our idea of the prevailing expression, it would be *latency*. There is a latent something, the consciousness of which may be read in every countenance. The inner man is evidently fed on some hidden food; illuminated, like the devotees of Mount Athos, by some inward light, unperceived by all but the possessor of it. Under average circumstances,—indeed under circumstances very far below the average,—this hidden source of satisfaction imparts to the entire man a serenity which a Brachman might envy. But on the slightest provocation given, it bursts forth with a wonderful expansive power; and makes itself felt, heard, and seen in a thousand vehemences of manner, voice, and action. It is not long before the stranger makes personal acquaintance



with the entire cycle of peculiarities, vocal, grammatical, or expressional, to which we have already made some allusion in these pages. A little longer sojourn in the land reveals to him, in like manner, those modes of action, so full of purest paradox, which we have further ventured to speak of as characteristic of the nation. What may be the source of all these peculiarities, our traveller is left wondering still. What that hidden thing is, which thus imparts demureness to the national countenance; fire, recklessness, blundering, with other singularities, to the national speech, and perplexing anomaly to the national morals,—if, indeed, any common cause can be assigned to them all,—is a matter open to conjecture. Our own opinion is that these phenomena are reducible to one common cause: but let our readers judge.

The Irishman, then, as we conceive him, is the creature of certain inborn imaginings,—of a certain metaphysical or cosmical creed, which is a part of himself, and which, without his being exactly aware of it, prompts his every action. The impulse communicated by this creed it is that imparts a sense of satisfaction to his whole being, and the expression of it to his countenance. It is this that now brightens for him his arrowy eloquence, and anon plunges him into the obscurity of inextricable confusions:—that awakens at one time the moral sense within him, and at another, to use his own expression, ‘confounds it entirely.’ But we perceive that, to make ourselves understood, we must be more explicit. We say, then, that the humblest Irishman that treads upon brogues, or Irishwoman that dispenses with *chaussure* altogether, lives (did they but know it), in the presence of certain great abstractions. Plato did not more firmly believe, if indeed he believed at all, in the existence of a

First good, first perfect, and first fair,

in the existence, that is to say, of certain abstract perfections, than the Irishman does in the embodiment of those perfections in the world around him. He is the very reverse of a Manichee. Like the cunning woman of Endor, overmatched by her own spells, he “sees gods ascending out of the earth.” The lively and imaginative Greeks peopled their woods, streams, and hills with Dryads and Naiads, and Oreades. Yet this was rather the elegant and otiose belief of poets and poet-like minds, than the living conviction of the vulgar multitude. It was caviare to the general. But the Irishman actually lives upon the conviction and undoubting belief, that there exists somewhere illimitable power and wondrousness, grandeur and beauty, felicity and riches. He is quite sure that these exist, and exist for him

if he could but come at them. And then, rather than lack the agreeable company of these splendid visions in some realized and tangible form, he liberally invests everything within his reach and ken with these attributes. Never was a creature so theomorphic. He sets up objects for his mental worship, and for the contentment of his inward impulse to be still believing in, and wondering at something, with an ingenuity and versatility not to be baffled. He is quite certain there is something rich and perfect and satisfying at the bottom of this world’s poor and beggarly sort of elements—poor and beggarly enough, it must be admitted, for anything that he, poor fellow, has experience of:—something mighty racy lurking under the cover of this world’s dullness and commonplace, if you only knew how to hit upon it. The one conviction is the secret of his imperturbable contentment, the other of his never failing humor. One cannot help greatly admiring his thus seeing and honoring the very spirit of beauty and fitness in a condition involving about the maximum amount of personal discomfort, and his wonderful knack of eliciting the very essence of fun out of the ‘graviest situations.’ But this is in the true spirit of idolatry; a fact which has not escaped the notice of a certain acute observer of human nature. ‘Taking the very refuse among those things which served to no use, being a crooked piece of wood and full of knots, he carves it diligently, when he has nothing else to do, and forms it by the skill of his understanding.’ The Irish peasant honors with a simplicity, which in any less acute creature, we should call stolid, the very unsatisfactory lot in which he finds himself; he sees elegance and health in his misshapen and unwholesome cabin; high farming in his potatoes: luxury in his Indian ‘male;’ riches, in a word, in poverty, and good in everything. The fact that a thing belongs to him, or stands in any near relation to him, at once imparts to it an extraordinary merit and value.

One cannot but perceive in the native cheerfulness of the Irish peasant a wonderful compensation for his numerous privations. But then virtue consists in a mean; and that mean is not always observed in this case. While Irish contentedness is not (as is generally imagined) physical laziness, but rather a mind feeding on something more refined than the elements of outward prosperity: it has at the same time, of course, a close connection with laziness, and an all but unavoidable tendency to slide into it. To this is obviously to be traced that protracted acquiescence in a particular root as the staff of life, the cause of which we have placed among our queries. The extraordinary simplicity of the agricultural process required for its cultivation, at once recommended it as the food of the nation.

The Irish reverses the usual mode of ratiocination, according to which things are valuable in the inverse ratio of their accessibility. He is for the direct ratio. Whatever is easiest to come at, the same is also the best. To the same principle is to be referred the national mode of digging, and the form of the implement employed in the operation. That the Irish spade should be twice the length of the English, and unprovided with any aperture for thrusting the hand into, is only, therefore, not curious, because it saves half the labor. Standing pretty nearly upright, with a cheerful countenance, and in an unconstrained posture, which presents no obstacle either to his conversing freely with his neighbor or observing the natural beauty of the landscape, the Irish peasant plants his foot on a sort of stirrup provided for the purpose, and turns up the soil 'as unconcernedly as possible.' 'Sure it saves breaking the back over it.' It does so, no doubt: but it also saves breaking the soil to any extent worth mentioning. This, however, is a secondary matter; and it is obvious that this implement, like other institutions of the country, is constructed chiefly with a view to 'saving the trouble.' Herodotus would certainly have reckoned the Irishman along with the Egyptian, as one of those for whose benefit the primeval law of labor seems to have been all but repealed: for, he too puts himself to wondrous little trouble about those little preliminaries of ploughing, harrowing, and the like, which are the ordinary lot of agriculturists: 'but when he hath cast in the seed, he forthwith folds his arms and waits for the harvest; \* which he reaps too, without being beholden, like the Egyptian, to the pigs or the Nile.

One thing, in truth, there is, which an Irishman does *not* worship, and that is material prosperity. Indeed, he has rather a contempt for it, than otherwise. He prefers the idea to the reality. To his imagining, his humble lot is a 'bee-eu-tiful' one already, and you can't mend it much by your tinkering. What signifies just poking a stone into the wall here, to make it weather-tight, or pushing another out there, to prevent its being smoke-tight?—What signifies an old hat more or less in the window, or an increased approximation between the different levels of the floor? of which, as at the bottom of the Lacus Asphaltites, and other inland seas, there are always two at least. These things will add not a grain to the sands of gold over which the Pactolus of his imagination wanders. 'Sure, it 'ill do,' nay, the existing structure will not only 'do,' but is full of "illigant contrivances," the whole beauty and merit of which would be sacrificed by the threatened innovations. And

as he is thus provokingly contented on the one hand, as the result of his idealism, so is he on the other, from the same cause, liable to violent gusts of discontent and turbulence. Accustomed to bow down before ideas, he is easily prevailed upon to lend himself to the promotion of 'repale,' or anything else that wears the semblance of being for the glory and honor of the 'ould country.' He is a patriot however, by accident, simply because patriotism is a great idea; not, like the Greeks, because it is the *one* idea to which all others are subordinate.

Of course when, from the contemplation of his own humble lot, this worshipper of ideas turns to the world at large, and his relations to it, he finds abundant objects for his faith to fasten upon. There is the master he serves, with all his belongings and kindred to the remotest degree: 'the town,' (that is the country, the domain) on which he lives; the boys, (that is, the men) who inhabit it; the crops growing, or expected to grow thereon; the 'ould' country, and the 'ould' persuasion. It is not too much to say that, to an implicit belief in the perfection of these and similar accidents of his worldly position, the Irishman dedicates himself with a most entire devotion. To those who inhabit the more mountainous and picturesque part of the country, the natural scenery is the object of the like unbounded estimation. The warmth of admiration with which these and such like things are regarded, is the secret of almost every prominent trait, good or evil, in the Irish character—of Irish eloquence, Irish idiom, and Irish 'bulls;' of Irish honor, and Irish lying and dishonesty; of the strong affection with which servants, male and female, regard their masters and mistresses; and, less directly, of the attachment of the peasant class to the Roman Catholic religion.

We have no hesitation in assigning, as the main source of Irish eloquence, the strength and intensity with which Irishmen feel. The axiom, 'He best shall paint them who shall feel them most,' whether true or not as a general rule, certainly holds good here. In fact, an Irishman expatiating on an interesting theme, is a man riding his hobby. The vivid imagery, the aptness of allusion, the copious torrent of words, all rise at the bidding of the master feeling—the strong inward persuasion of the incomparable realities and excellences residing in all things in general, and in the theme which happens to be uppermost in particular. Of course, if there were not also great natural acuteness and readiness, the result would not follow; but these are almost inseparable from intense power of idealization, and are continually stimulated and kept bright by it.

One way in which the loftiness of an Irish-

\* Herodot. ii. 25.

man's conceptions about everything betrays itself, is the frequency with which terms expressive of wonder, grandeur, terror, beauty, etc., are applied to the description of the most ordinary matters or events. Such a description will team with the expressions 'wonderful,' 'mighty,' 'powerful,' 'tremendous,' 'terrible,' 'excellent' (sic), 'elegant,' 'lovely.' When these, as adjectives or adverbs, are applied to somewhat humble or incompatible subjects, the effect, on an English ear, is ludicrous enough. A fine horse or cow will be described as an 'illigant baste;' so too you hear of 'lovely manure;' 'mighty wake tay;' 'terrible good crops.' The last of these expressions occurs as a provincialism in England; and this mode of speech has been carried out, as is well known, in American slang, to an offensive degree. There is all the difference in the world, however, between the artificial brag-docio of the one country, and the native vehemence which prompts these paradoxes in the other. It is most probable, however, that Ireland is the parent of the American usage.

But the Irishman is not less happy and forcible in other departments of rhetoric. As he chooses the most intense expressions, whether always very applicable or not, so his collocation and accumulation of words and particles, on the most trivial occasions, is such as to bear you down and take all by storm; while the effect is further heightened by other rhetorical artifices. A less promising subject for rhetorical display than the simple fact of abundance of food having been provided on some occasion, can hardly be imagined; and an English peasant would express the fact by simply saying, "there was plenty to eat." Not so an Irishman or Irishwoman, more voluble than he. Nothing will adequately express his or her mind upon the subject, short of saying (our instance is a quotation) that, "the ating and the dhrinking, that was in it, was wonderful." We are satisfied that Longinus and Burke would have agreed in pronouncing this short sentence to be framed on the most approved principles of rhetoric. Observe how the Englishman's solitary and jejune verb "to eat," is expanded into two goodly substantives, each of them provided, for the more strength and effectiveness, with a definite article, "the ating and the dhrinking;" and how forcibly the idea, thus repeated and reverberated, comes down upon the ear. As Longinus says, *τῇ ἐπαλλήλῳ πληττεὶ φόρῳ*. Then mark, that the predicate is carried away from the common-place and sensuous region of mere physical quantity into that of the marvellous. The thing is "wonderful." And a further touch of grandeur, bordering hard upon sublimity, is imparted to the whole conception by the phrase, "that was in it." That which is cloudy and undefined, is, also, as Burke has observed, more or less sub-

lime. "IN IT." In what? or how "in?" Imagination alone can supply the answer, in all its sublime proportions. It only needs that this sentence should have the benefit of genuine Irish delivery and elocution, to ensure it a high place among efforts of this nature.

As we have now touched upon one or two peculiarities of Irish phraseology, we will take leave to prosecute this subject a little further. We have already hazarded the assertion that an Irishman never says "Yes." Those who know the country will admit that the exceptions to this rule are so few, that it may safely be enunciated in this universal form. Our business is not to establish the fact, but to account for it. Yet it may serve as an illustration of it, that at a well-known collegiate school near Dublin, to which Ireland's aristocracy are beginning to look as offering, on Irish ground, what they have hitherto had to seek at Eton or Harrow, and which, therefore, reflects the phraseological condition of the higher classes of society, the greatest difficulty of all has been found to be that of teaching the boys to utter the affirmative particle customarily used in this country. Ireland, in short, is another and a more pronounced Languedoc. That province, it is well known, derives its name from the prevalence in it of a *patois*, in which *oc* is used for *oui*; hence called the *Langue d'oc*. Even so is Ireland distinguished from England by rejecting altogether her affirmative particle; only, what is the most remarkable point, she has forgotten to provide any substitute for it. How then, to echo a celebrated inquiry of the Duke's, can the business of affirmation be carried on in the country? Partly by stronger terms, such as, "surely," "certain-ly," "no doubt at all at all about it," and the like; but chiefly by the singular and somewhat Homeric expedient of repeating the words of the interrogating party, or an equivalent for them in the shape of the auxiliary verb. "Did you see?" etc. "I did." "Is it a fine day?" "It is;" and so on. "Do you live in that place where we changed cars?" "I do, sir." "Were you born there?" "I was, indade, yere Arnhr." (Sir F. Head, p. 186, who gives, by the way, one or two instances of a peculiar variety of this response, in which the auxiliary verb is *different* from that employed in the question: "Are those hills, in winter, covered with snow?" "They do, sir." p. 196.) We must bespeak our readers' patience while we endeavor to unravel the metaphysical *rationale* of this peculiarity of speech.

Among the *Dii minorum gentium* which the Irishman reveres, must be reckoned the principle of positiveness and certainty. It has been said of Dr. Arnold, that he got up every morning with the impression that everything was an open question. The Irishman gets up with an equally strong impression that nothing is

so. The very idea of doubt, on any subject whatsoever, is totally alien to his whole mind and way of viewing things. Be it a fact of the past or present, or a contingency yet future, he entertains no sort of misgivings as to the state of the case. He knows all about it. The aspect of the matter, as announced by him, has visibly, it is true, a singular tendency to coincide with what he wishes, or with what somebody else wishes, on the subject. There is considerable appearance of his claiming for his personal volition that power over facts, which the table-movers claim over tables. However, the strength of his convictions is no less than what we have represented. These convictions are of course strongest with his strength of reference to future events; especially such as the person so convinced has in some degree under his own control. And it cannot be denied, that when duly combined with compensating attributes, and balanced by them, this same Irish strength of conviction form a noble and valuable character. Indeed, if we were to affirm that, for particular purposes, the world cannot produce its equal, the *onus probandi* would rest with those who should gainsay our position. The very "foremost man of all this world," in our day at least, was compounded after this recipe; and the stability of Europe and the world at this moment is owing, under Providence, to a happy and admirable attemperature of native Irish will and strength of conviction, with acquired English wisdom and tenacity of purpose. However little the Duke of Wellington may have cared to remember the fact, or Ireland to appropriate the glory of it, it cannot be unsaid or gainsaid, that that extraordinary man was cast in an Irish mould, though manipulated by English circumstance. And those who have perused either M. Maurel's notice of his character, or the revelations lately made in a contemporary,\* as to the mind with which he entered on his unparalleled career of victory, will easily be of accord with us as to the particular trait of Irish character which was most instrumental in bringing about those successes. The great secret of the whole business, after all, was, that *he meant to win*, from the beginning. He was quite sure he should win. His sense of mission was equal to Mahomet's. The only difference between him and the unmixed Irish mind, was that, in addition to making sure of it, he also made it sure. It was here that his English training and attempering came in. He not only foresaw the result, but pre-armed himself to insure it. He forecasted the means as well as the end. Thus he "diminished to the utmost the share that fortune might have in events." Certain to win as an Irishman, he was cool and provident as an Englishman in doing it.

\* Quarterly Review, April, 1853.

Now this certainty of conviction (to return to our humbler theme) imparts a color, in various ways, to the Irish variety of the English language. It appears in the Irishman's unwillingness to delegate to any mere affirmative particle that ever was framed, the responsible office of expressing the firmness of his convictions, the accuracy of his knowledge, the strength of his purposes. No mere unexpressive affirmatives for him. His answer to any question under the sun must convey to the interrogator's mind some idea of the adamantine rock on which his feet have the good fortune to be placed. There must be an adverb expressive, in its proper nature, of certainty beyond the reach of chance or change; or a verb, delivering categorically beyond the possibility of mistake. Hence that national dislike to saying "yes," and the substitution for it of more re-assuring forms of affirmation, which we have described. Nay, so innate is the love of affirmation in the Irish bosom, that even where a negative answer has to be given, the preamble of the reply shall be conceived in an affirmative form; whether from pure dislike of negation, or by way of letting the inquirer down easy. "Did you suffer much during the famine?" "And indade I did *not*, thank God." (Sir F. Head.) "Can I get up this mountain this way?" "Oh, surely:—*ye can't*,"—a style of *παρ' ἑνοχίας*, which Aristophanes himself would have wished he had thought of.

To the same principle, or rather the same habit of giving expression on all occasions to the ideas of certainty and volition, we are disposed to refer the most singular, perhaps, of all the regular Irish inflections of the Queen's English—the substitution, namely, in certain definite cases, of "will" for "shall." There is a foolish story, intended to illustrate this peculiarity of speech, of an Irishman or a Frenchman exclaiming, on falling into the water, "I *will* be drowned, nobody *shall* save me;" and of his being left to perish accordingly, pursuant to his expressed wishes. This, or anything resembling it, can never, we undertake to say, have happened; and it entirely misrepresents the Irish idiom. No man in his senses, nor yet out of them, ever places an *emphasis* contrary to his intention. A person in the case supposed might misplace his "shall" and "will," but he could not possibly emphasize them so faultily, as to lead the bystanders to suppose him bent upon self-destruction when he was not. The real nature of the Irish idiom in this matter is as follows. An Englishman expresses anything which he *desires* to do, and in which he is therefore active, by "I *will*;" but anything which he *expects* will befall him, by "I *shall*." The one phrase expresses his own volition and intention; the other, his opinion as to the decrees of fate concerning him. "I will go and see." "I shall

catch a cold." Sometimes, indeed, "shall" may be put for "will;" as, "I shall go and see; never "will" for "shall." These rules are not applicable beyond the first person; but as it is only with respect to that person that our Irish cousins are caught tripping, to it we may confine our attention.

Now what the Irish do is, that they contravene the last rule we have stated. In propositions expressed in the first person, they substitute 'will' for 'shall;' that is to say, that in a case where volition is by the nature of the case excluded, (as in the foreboding sentence, 'I shall catch a cold,') they substitute for the auxiliary which is expressive of fate, one which is expressive of volition. The effect is of course, to an English ear, comical enough. 'I'll catch a great cold before I'm done.' 'We'll be late for the train, and that 'll be the end of it.' This last sentence we give verbatim from the mouth of an ecclesiastic of the highest dignity in the Church of Ireland; and we believe that the usage is all but universal. The rationale of the thing, is, we think, obvious. Just at the point where there is not the smallest occasion for its services, and where, indeed, it cannot have the slightest effect upon the result, — at that point the Irishman thrusts in his volition, or the representative of it. There is probably something satisfactory to his mind in doing so. He has registered a sort of protest against anything on earth, or off it, even to the very decrees of fate itself, — being removed from the influence of his volition and the sphere of his potentiality. Such at least is our solution of the phenomenon; and we have the more confidence in tendering it as the true one, from our having been able to point just now to a somewhat parallel case; the injection, namely, of an affirmative into a sentence where it would produce no possible effect, beyond that of registering an invincible preference for a purely positive view of things in general. Taking the view which we have suggested of this substitution of 'will' for 'shall,' there is something touching, though bordering still upon the serio-comic, in the Hibernian simplicity with which this poor shred of volition sometimes intrudes itself even on the domain of that inevitable destiny of all men, — about which there is least of all any room for choosing. Thus the translation of an Irish hymn or prayer, furnished to us once by a simple-hearted peasant, runs as follows: —

'I lie in my bed, as I'll lie in my grave, etc.'

In other instances, it must be frankly admitted, the language is enriched and beautified, though at the expense of its proper genius. In the finer and more expressive

languages, as Greek and French, the great abstractions, whether in the natural or the moral world, are expressed by prefixing the article which in less finely articulating tongues, such as Latin and English, is wanting. Thus we have *ἡ μεγαλοσύνη* and *la gloire*, for 'magnanimity' and 'glory;' *τὸ ψῆχος* and *la soif*, for 'cold' and 'thirst.' This grander and more striking mode of expression has been naturalized on the other side of the water, and you may hear of a man's being eaten up 'wi' the pride and the consate; 'choking with the thirst, etc.;' 'I'm wake wi' the hunger.' (Sir F. Head, p. 6.) So also there is a noble sort of exegetical clause, familiar to the Greek writers, and to readers of our noble English Version, as in the passage, 'When there were yet but few of them, and they strangers in the land;' 'the only son of his mother, and she [was] a widow.' This striking and picturesque mode of expression is a favorite vehicle for the native Irish vehemence and imaginativeness. 'And he runnin' and shoutin' for the bare life.' 'I didn't get bit or sup this great while till now; and me choking with the thirst:' — a sentence which is illustrative of more than one of the peculiarities we have enumerated.

But it is, perhaps, in the department of the prepositions, that Irish power of wielding English words is most signally manifested. We doubt whether either Greek or German can show anything superior, for pregnancy and power, to the following usages of the prepositions 'in' and 'upon.' At the same time the English listener is liable, as will be seen, to slight misapprehensions, as the consequence of these more refined modes of speech. We have already given an instance of 'in it' being used in a peculiar manner. But the phrase is applied with the utmost largeness to whatsoever is in any way forthcoming, contained, or involved in any action, transaction, or state of things. 'There isn't the half in it there was, Sir,' was the laconic, though somewhat exaggerated form, in which was lately set forth to us the decrease of the numbers of the population professing the Roman Catholic creed in Ireland at the present time, as compared with the number attached to the same persuasion a short time since. So, again, a nocturnal foray against a garden was thus summed up: 'there was eight of them in it,' that is to say, as afterwards appeared, not 'in' the garden, — into which, owing to a timely alarm, the thieves were unable to penetrate, — but merely 'in' the transaction. 'On' or 'upon' is used, again, in the peculiar sense of 'to the detriment of.' 'They've rose the market upon us;' or 'that young man has put a mile upon us,' viz., by giving a wrong direction as to the road. Occasional misconceptions of course arise here, for want of due



notice being given whether the physical or metaphysical sense of the preposition is intended. Thus, to the inquiry, how a small farmer came to be behindhand with his rent? it was replied, 'Why you see, Sir, two cows died upon him in the one year, and that was very bad for him.' 'And the next year a cow burst upon him,—wid eating' (it was fortunately added in explanation) 'too much clover.' Other preposition usages have a grace and ease perfectly Homeric; thus we recognize the epic *rol* in the favorite expression, 'true for ye.' Others, again, have a quiet beauty and pathos about them, as in this translation of an epitaph from the original Irish: 'Aged 21, Lawrence died from us.' It should be added, that not a few English words have been enriched with new senses by their residence on Irish ground. Thus, 'convenient' is used, as is well known, in the sense of 'contiguous,' including also, cryptically, the idea of 'handy.' Our readers will remember the tar-barrel which stood 'convenient' to the premises occupied by the 'physical force' men, when an attempt was made to set them on fire by 'the moral force' men in the rising of 1848. So 'combustibles' is employed to designate materials of any kind, inflammable or not; probably as being the stronger expression.

Thus far of Irish eloquence and idiom, and of the causes of them. We have promised to show that Irish bulls may be referred to the selfsame causes. Miss Edgeworth, in her well-known essay on the subject, takes leave to assume the national proneness to these pécadilloes, and we shall so far follow her example. She finds the solution of the matter, however, in the national habit of using figurative language. Thus, an instance adduced by Miss Edgeworth, is that of pronouncing a certain ship the finest 'that ever sailed on the face of the earth.' Now it is true that in this particular instance, the temptation to make a bull, lay in the generally recognized figurative expression, 'on the face of the earth.' Catching at this tempting flourish, and not adjusting the rest of his sentence very accurately to it, the speaker committed a bull incontinently. The same temptation too is no doubt the exciting cause of other bulls; some of English growth, such as the well-known denunciation, 'Sir, the hand of justice cannot any longer wink at your iniquities.' And as it is confessedly difficult to speak without a metaphor, opportunities for this kind of blunder must continually be presenting themselves. But this, though a fruitful source of these phraseological perplexities, is quite inadequate to account for half of them. The attempt to combine two incompatible figures does certainly produce the result in question; the Cretan Minotaur is the first Irish bull on re-

cord. But there are other varieties found roaming over the pastures of the Green Isle. An Irish bull may be defined as a dilemma,—or *sylogismus cornutus*, as the logicians speak,—of which both horns are embraced at once:—and this, for aught we know, may be the derivation of the term. It is two alternatives taken together. Mankind in general are sensible that, in the case of incompatible alternatives presented to the mind, you must reject one of them. The Irishman does not see this. He takes both. Being told that one of Arnott's stoves saves half the fuel, he resolved to get two, and save the whole. Understanding that music is taught at two guineas the first month and one the second, he declares he won't begin till the second. A little consideration would show that these confusions are merely the result of an endeavor to combine two incompatible options. And after all, why should an Irishman, more than any one else, *confuse* his metaphors? Granting that he uses twice the quantity that any one else does, why cannot he keep them distinct? But the truth is, as we have already seen, that there is many a bull without any metaphor at all in it. The alternations which the Irishman attempts to combine are often the most prosaic possible.

The true secret of Irish blundering, with or without metaphor, lies, we are persuaded, in that zeal for ideas, that vehement partisanship on behalf of the topic of the moment, which appears in so many forms as a national characteristic. Persuaded of the perfections of his theme, the Irish orator in humble life plunges without hesitation into a labyrinth of assertions about it, flounders 'through bog, through brier,' to reach his point the shortest way. Believing intensely, he speaks strongly, paints highly, never stopping to consider how far one stroke may accord with another, or what the effect may be upon the whole. The reason, in short, of his blundering is not any want of clearheadedness, but a certain reckless vehemence, careless of the general result, so long as the details are multiplied in a sufficiently imposing manner. In some cases the speaker rises, as it were, with his subject, and after proceeding rationally for some time, puts a colophon of absurdity to a piece of plain common sense. So a young recruit, after soberly describing to his officer his circumstances in other respects, ventures on a final stroke to the effect that, 'Indeed he was come of very decent people, for his father and mother were both Kerry men.'

But more commonly a bull is only a particular and more intense instance of a kind of extravaganza which runs through the whole speech. It is no wonder that he who is ever on the brink of a blunder or a malapropos should fall into one now and then. Take the follow-

ing string of extravagances, poured forth verbatim not long since by an Irish mendicant, in acknowledgment of some trifling favor: 'Long life to your honor, and may ye live till ye're wondered at, and have a gold watch as big as a forty-pound pot, with a chain as long as the Boyne water!' Or let the following extract be perused from a grave Irish annalist, one Mageoghegan, who translates, evidently with some freedoms of his own here and there, the Annals of Clonmacnoise. It will be seen that the zeal of the writer for Brian Boru leads him to exalt him above all mankind, *himself included*. Taking the historian's words in their plain sense, if they have one, Brian Boru is here represented as having lived both before and after himself, and as having distinguished himself extremely on both occasions. But the rest of the passage is in precisely the same strain of extravagance; the notion of a comparison between the favorite and 'Conkedcagh' or any other worthy, is scouted, as too absurd to be entertained for a moment; while the trifling consideration of how he came by the government is dismissed as of very small importance. The whole furnishes, we conceive, no bad exemplification of that exuberance and exorbitance of language which is among the most prolific sources of Irish bulls.

A. D. 996. Brian Borowe took the kingdom and government thereof out of the hands of king Moyleslaghlyn, *in such manner as I do not intend to relate in this place*; he was very well worthy of the government, and reigned twelve years, *the most famous king of his time that ever was before or after him*, of the Irish nation, for manhood, fortune, manners, laws, liberality, religion, and other many good parts, he never had his peer among them all, though some chroniclers of the kingdom made some comparisons between him and Conkedcagh, Conaire More, and King Neale of the Nine Hostages; yett he in regard of the state of the kingdom when he came to the government thereof, was judged to bear the bell always from them all. At his first entrie into the kingdome, the whole realme was overrun and overspread everywhere by the Danes; the churches, abbeys, and other religious places were by them quite rased and debased, or otherwise turned to vile, base, servile, and abominable uses. Most of all, yea almost all the noblemen, gentlemen, and those that were of any accomp, were turned out of their lands and livings, without any hope of recovery or future redresse; yea, some of the best sort were compelled to servitude and bounden slavery; both human lawe and God's feare were sett aside. In sume, it was strange how men of any fashion could use other men as the Danes did use the Irishmen at that time. But King Brian Borowe was a meet salve to cure such festered sores; *all the phissick in the world could not help it else*; in a small time he banished the Danes, made up the churches and religious houses, restored the nobility to their

ancient patrimony and possessions, and in fine, brought all to a notable reformation.—Quoted in Petries Ecclesiastical Architecture, *Transactions of Irish Academy*, vol. xx.

Even epitaph-writing in Ireland is not free from the national tendency to make the most of things, at the expense of sound sense and possibility. Take the following instance from the half-ruined church of S. Audoen, Dublin: 'underneath lyeth James M——, and *all his posteritie*.' Or this from Christchurch, on a monument of the Earls of Cork: 'Here follow the arms of his sons, and of *such of the husbands of his daughters as were married*.'

The moral bearings of what we have ventured to speak of as the main ingredient in the Irish character, are sufficiently obvious. Dedication and devotion to an idea or ideas will make a great character always, (great, that is, in some sense), and a good one sometimes. The ordinary Irish character, accordingly, is essentially and emphatically great; accidentally, and with deductions, excellent. The Irishman's vices are rendered almost splendid by their intensity and good-heartedness, while his virtues are sullied by their frequent lack of moral reference. To take the less engaging side of things first. First of all, whatever he has made up his mind about, — and we have seen that his mind is made up about a good many things — he will even die for it, and lie for it, that it is even so. Then, again, he never likes to admit that he is ignorant of anything, has failed in anything, or can possibly fail. This is, of course, a fruitful source of fibs. Two ways we have mentioned in which saying 'yes' is avoided. We regret to say that there is a third, which consists either simply in saying 'no' instead, or (which is more common) making an evasive reply. Here the national ingenuity unhappily comes in but too temptingly, — an evil genius, suggesting a thousand crafty resources.

Unhappily, too, nothing is more admired on the other side of the water than this same ingenuity. Under the name of 'cuteness,' it occupies a prominent niche in the Irishman's Pantheon. To 'flog the neighborhood for 'cuteness,' is the reputation which, in his secret soul, he envies above all things in others, and most passionately desires for his children. And in the contemplation and admiration of feats of this kind, his moral perceptions are singularly blunted. Life, in fact, would be to him a dull, regular sort of business, were there not cleared, so to speak, every here and there, certain spaces, and, as it were, lists, for the keen encounter of wits to take place in; a brush of this kind, either engaged in or viewed as a spectacle, is to him what a bull-fight is to a Spaniard. Within this privileged ground, the ordinary laws of morality are held to be

in a manner suspended. Everything is 'fair.' Both parties are conceived to divest themselves for the time of their moral responsibility, as of a sort of upper garment, and the contest is carried on in the region of pure intellect, untrammelled by any other considerations. To a certain extent, all interchange of commodities between man and man is assumed to be carried on upon this understanding. The belligerents, whether buyer and seller, employer and employed, or whatsoever, are conceived to be, by mutual consent, on the *qui vive*, and prepared to take every advantage each of the other.

True, 'chating' is not peculiar to the sister kingdom; but the difference is that the Irishman has a distinct theory about it, and an avowed admiration of any signal degree of success in it. 'Is it conscience in a carman?' was the amazed and all but indignant rejoinder made by one of that fraternity to a 'fare' who had confessed to an expectation of finding such a feeling holding sway in his bosom: 'Is it conscience in a carman? 'Faith, I know of no kind of conscience that-a-way, but just to get all ye can, any way.' At the same time, it is not so much the ignoble consideration of pence that weighs with the Irishman, as the sure desire of getting the better of his opponent in the contest (for such his employer for the time being is conceived to be); it is the nobler ambition of Homer's hero,

*αὖν ἀρστέειν, καὶ ὑπεύροχον ἐμμέναι ἄλλων.*

What is commonly known, then, as Irish blarney and deceitfulness, we are disposed to characterize as a disregard of the obligations of truthfulness and honesty under certain tempting circumstances,—in the presence, namely, of an opportunity of paying a tribute to some darling of the fancy or the intellect. We have a more agreeable task to discharge in turning to speak of Irish honor, Irish hospitality, and Irish affection.

'When the pure soul of honor shall cease to inspire thee,'

is the poet's apostrophe to his country, followed by the announcement of a determination to 'love her no more,' in the event of her thus declining from her pristine perfection in the matter of honor. Poets must be understood *cum grano salis*; and if by the Irishman's 'honor' Moore meant a chivalrous readiness to defend any cause or thing whatsoever which he has taken into his head to advance and to glorify, in this sense the Irishman is indeed the very 'soul of honor.' But we hardly think that the Irishman lives so habitually as the Englishman, for example, of the better sort does in the presence of duty

and a high sense of honorable obligation. We have seen, or said, that he is apt to be warped in favor of certain other ideals than duty, which are more lovely in his eyes. Indeed, it is singular, and perhaps significant, that the word *duty*, in our sense of it, is unknown to the Irishman's vocabulary; it is exclusively used in a technical sense, to signify the particular religious duties of confession and communion. He is certainly somewhat of an eclectic as to the principles or the objects to which he dedicates himself, and on the side of which he engages his honor. But let him once conceive it to be so engaged,—let him have booked the engagement in his private schedule of these matters,—and then you are as sure of him as of the Rock of Cashel. 'It's honor bright, mother; it's honor bright, my own Kathleen,' was the young soldier's one argument, in the well-known and, we believe, authentic anecdote, as he sat bolt upright in the coach that was to convey him to certain punishment, for having, as he supposed, outstayed his furlough. It turned out, however, to be the 29th of February, and not, as he had supposed, the 1st of March, which was the day on which he was due on parade. He had trusted to 'an ould almanack,' which 'he didn't think would have been desaving him, and it in the family so many years!'

Irish hospitality is, in part, the spontaneous impulse of a warm-hearted people; of a people, moreover, having in them a strong tendency to do honor to any person or thing, of which they have conceived a high estimate; in which number all English visitants are included. But there is yet another feeling at work, an eager jealousy for personal and national honor and credit. An Irishman would not for the world be thought to want either the will or the power to show hospitality: hence, in times past, at least, the hospitality of the upper classes has too often been spendthrift and extravagant, while that of the lower must of necessity be occasionally of a Barmecide character. However, be it what it may, there is no mistaking the earnestness with which it is proffered, nor yet, we believe, any limit to the lengths which it would go. If it has tumbled down many a prosperous family into narrow circumstances, as we believe it has, on the other hand it is a kindly light, burning in every heart, high or low, warming and ennobling its possessor with that blessedness which is the act of giving, or of the love of it.

Those warm attachments which the Irish, as is well known, are capable of forming, are best seen, as they are most frequently exemplified, in the relation of servant and master. This subject, however, stands for a reason which will presently appear, in such intimate connection with that of the religious condition

of the country, that we shall pass on at once to this latter topic, and take occasion to include the former under it.

The great and striking *differentia* between England and Ireland is, after all, the remarkable position of religious affairs in the latter country. We venture to think that there may be some curiosity, we are sure there is a good deal of ignorance, prevailing among us on this point. We mean more especially with reference to the existing relations between the members of the two great communions, the English Church (as they themselves prefer being called), and the Romish. It is difficult for the inhabitants of a land, where there is a vast preponderance in favor of the Church by law established, to conceive very correctly what the state of things is, or how the social machine works, where the proportions are so different, and so peculiar, as in Ireland they are; the vast majority, that is, of the upper classes, being of one religion, and the still vaster majority of the lower, of another. The prevailing impression we believe is, that the two communions are in a state of enforced peaceableness, but are secretly prepared to devour each other, like the famous cats of the city of S. Canice; that nothing but the august presence of law and justice, with bayonets seen in the distance, prevents this catastrophe. It may be so, for of course there is no saying what an Irishman, absolved by Act of Parliament (which is the case contemplated), from all civil obligations, would proceed to do next. But certainly the unsuccessful attempt to get 'the boys' to 'rise' in 1848, when something like this handsome offer was made them by Smith O'Brien, does not encourage this supposition. It is further supposed, as a matter of course, that 'Protestant' masters have a wholesome dread of employing Romanist servants; and that Romanist servants, for their part, only engage in the service of 'Protestants,' for the more convenience of destroying them at their leisure. To all this we would return Mr. Burchell's famous monosyllable; or, to be more polite, employ the words of Persius, which, however, would sound somewhat *brusque* in English:—

'Disce! sed ira cadat naso, rugosaque sanna,  
Dum veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.'

Let it be understood, then, first, and we speak from the most perfect knowledge of that which we affirm, that there is no merely artificial bond of union, that we know of, comparable for a moment for strength and intensity, to that which binds, in certain cases and relations, the Irish Roman Catholic to the member of the established Irish Church. We allude more especially, as will at once be conjectured, to the relation of master and ser-

vant, though instances even of this intensest degree of attachment are not wanting in other relations of life. And next, we venture to affirm, that the prevailing feeling throughout the country is not that of mutual enmity, nor anything like it, but rather of mutual respect and goodwill. Sir Francis Head has adduced proofs of the uniform tendency there is, under favorable circumstances, to this state of things. The strong and glaring instances of a contrary feeling, with which we are familiar, are, we are fully satisfied, the vices of exceptional times and influences, not just samples of the normal condition of society. It is not, as is mostly supposed on this side the water, it is not that the naturally restless billows enjoy an occasional interval of calm; but that the calm waters are ever and anon lashed into a fury most unnatural to them. It is true that in and around Dublin, and at certain other *foci* of spiritual disturbance, polemics fill the minds of men to a certain extent. It is true also that the Irish tenant's and laborer's hand has been too often armed against his landlord or master, thus giving, to all appearance, a fearful refutation of our favorable view as to the relations between them. But the answer to this is, that it is not that the Irishman's love is not 'strong as death,' but that his jealousy is also 'cruel as the grave.' It is when artfully worked upon by some imagined wrong done or threatened to the faith which is so dear to him, that he flames forth, thus transformed from his proper likeness. Proselytism, or extermination, or any other device for altering the existing proportions between the members of the two creeds, is, (or was till lately,) the last thing, in the ordinary tenor of life, to enter into Irishmen's heads. 'What?' it will be rejoined, 'do not both sides feel strongly, and earnestly desire the propagation and extension of what each conceives to be the true faith?' They do so; only, as regards their neighbors, somewhat in the abstract. 'Before a confessed unconquerable difficulty,' says a keen observer of human nature, 'the mind reposes as before a difficulty overcome.' Knowing it to be morally impossible to effect any change in each other's views, the Irish generally have been wont to treat the question of creeds as a *locus conclamatus*; and it ceases, accordingly, as a practical question, to occupy their minds. Moreover, by one of those happy provisions and compensations, which find place in all great systems that work harmoniously at all, while they have in their inmost hearts a profound contempt, and even horror of each other's creed and form of religion, they have a no less profound respect for certain results of it on both sides. The Protestant takes the Romanist for a stark idolater, a believer in and worshipper of all manner of gods but the true; the

Romanist does not consider that the Protestant has any religion at all. The one doubts, the other denies, that his fellow can be saved. Yet the member of the Irish Church cannot but respect the earnest anxiety and pains which, after his fashion, his Roman Catholic neighbor or dependant bestows on his spiritual interests; while the latter, in his turn, does all honor to that unswerving probity, that living in the presence of duty, which he must admit to be specially characteristic of his 'Protestant' master. Thus the oil of mutual respect and admiration gently lubricates the jarring wheels of rival forms of belief; so that, though they revolve in opposite directions, they do so noiselessly and in peace. Nor, under favorable circumstances, does any similar machine, we conceive, work better than that of Irish society as at present, or until lately constituted.

One remarkable result of the good opinion mutually entertained of each by the partisans of the two Churches is, that as a general rule, at least in many parts of Ireland, Protestant masters will have none but Romanist servants; and Romanist servants will serve, at least by preference, only under Protestant masters. (Sir Digby Neave, p. 220.) remarks on this fact, and suggests a reason for it, which we cannot think founded on fact. 'The Protestant household is Roman Catholic, because pains are taken that Protestant neighbors and dependants should move in states of life above service, in advantageous contrast with the Roman Catholic population, who are thus kept, by the opinion of those who have the power, in the lower ranks of society.' Both sides, in fact, find their account on this arrangement. They conceive they get a better article: and we must suppose they know best. The arrangement is found to be peculiarly convenient on Sundays. Throughout Ireland, we believe, that day is divided in equal proportions between the servants and the masters, between the Romanist and Protestant population. The morning is for the unestablished religion, the afternoon for the established.

*Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.*

Mass, more or less frequently repeated, extends from six A. M. till twelve, when the Church of England services commence. Our English readers will be surprised to learn that there is nothing done by their Irish co-religionists on Sundays, in a religious way, until the *afternoon*. But such is the case universally. Then it is that, with a peculiarity somewhat Irish, the *morning* service commences.

There is another department of spiritual things which the two great creeds of the country divide most amicably between them. We

mean, the ancient churches and churchyards of the land. This will perhaps be thought still more incredible. We should explain, however, that an ancient Church—a Church 300 years old—is in Ireland, all but synonymous with a ruined one. The judgment of Solomon has been done, by compromise or neglect, on the sacred structures of the land. Protestant and Romanist have agreed to say to each other, 'let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it.' Judging by the parts of the country we are familiar with, we should doubt if there are fifty parishes in Ireland where the old church is not roofless, or utterly dilapidated, or swept away. The churchyards mostly remain; and within and without the walls or site of the church, amidst nettles and other tokens of neglect, may be read side by side the 'Conquiescent in pace' of the Romanist, and the 'Afflictions sore,' (for this has found its way across the channel,) of the Protestant. Thus they who in their lives were more 'lovely and pleasant' than is commonly supposed, 'in their deaths,' too, are not divided. This entire transfer of the Churches from the use of the living to that of the departed, renders the visit of a stray antiquarian a matter of great astonishment to the peasantry; and the writer is probably not the first or the only one who has been accosted with the words, 'Sure it's a grave your honor 'ill be wanting!' that being the only kind of accommodation the deserted precinct is now capable of affording. From the same cause Ireland has proved hitherto a very unhopeful soil for ecclesiology. There is not that ground, which there is everywhere in England, for an appeal to old associations on behalf of Church restoration. Hence, while two-thirds, perhaps, of the ancient Churches of this country have been more or less restored, at great cost, within these ten or twelve years, the idea of Church restoration is almost unknown in Ireland. Some notion of the difficulty of awakening any interest in it, may be formed from the case of S. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. It is now several years since a vigorous effort, seconded by ample subscriptions on the part of the Dean and Clergy, was made for the restoration of this fine old Church; with what success the unfinished and roofless walls of the Lady Chapel sufficiently declare. On our making some inquiry of the verger as to the amount subscribed from other quarters, the answer was 'Deed 'an the Dane (Dean) is ashamed to tell how little it is; it's often he's said it: only sometimes somebody gives a pound at a *dhrove*, and that brings it up again!'

The attachment, as we have said, subsisting between the differently-believing servant and master in Ireland is of the strongest kind. Masters and mistresses look upon their servants as really part and parcel of the *familia*,



and treat them with a petting consideration and forbearance, like children; and the dependants repay this treatment by a glowing affection and admiration which knows no bounds, either in point of self devotion or of outward expression. Such encomiums as the following upon a deceased master and mistress are not uncommon:—‘The master,’ (an Irishman ignores the existence of any master or mistress besides his own on the face of the earth), ‘The master was a wonderful fine (i. e. excellent) man,—better never stood on two legs. And the mistress couldn’t be bet. She was a mighty innocent woman, the mistress. The only mistake that was in it was, that she gave all away to the poor, and there was nothing left for any one else.’

The rebellion of ‘ninety-eight’ brought out many individual instances and proofs of good feeling between the members of the two persuasions. The ‘master and mistress’ here referred to were maintained, during the siege of Wexford, by one or more of their Romanist servants, at the imminent risk of their lives. And the following *verbatim* copies of ‘protections,’ (as they were called), furnished to them by the leaders in the rebellion, are no less interesting in this point of view, than as mementos of the awful state of things which rendered such ‘protections’ necessary:—

‘Let all good citizens protect W. H—— against arrest, as I do believe him to be a very proper man.

‘Given under my hand, 6 June, ’98.

‘EDW. ROCH.’

‘I humbly request, for the sake of Jesus Christ, that you will protect Mrs. W. H—— and family, who have always been the most charitable supporters of the poor.

JOHN CORRIN, Parish Priest of Wexford.’

‘You will please to protect Mr. W. H——, his family and property. June the 2d, 1798.

‘To all United Men.

‘MATT. KEAGH, R. Co.  
ROBT. CATHY.’

‘I request all good citizens will protect Mr. and Mrs. H—— and her family. Mrs. H—— and her mother are my relations and deserve my protection.

B. B. HARVEY.’

‘30th May, 1798.’

The last of these little documents has a peculiar and painful interest. The excellent and high-minded writer of it, a gentleman of high standing and estimation in the country, but misled in an evil hour into lending his name to the rebellion, suffered death as a rebel upon the bridge of Wexford, not many days after putting his name to this paper.

Our sketch of ‘Irish Characteristics,’ imperfect at best, would be far more so, were we

not to give some taste, however slight, of the positive effect on the national character of that important ingredient in it—religion; for hitherto we have spoken only of the relations between the two prevailing creeds. By an Irishman’s religion is understood, in common parlance, the Roman Catholic religion, and so we understand it just now. We are not about to enter into controversy, but it will not be denied that in that creed, as exhibited and administered to the lower classes more especially, there are certain affinities with the native Irish character. One of these affinities we shall select for illustration, confining ourselves, for the most part, to the productions of our instances, and leaving them to speak for themselves.

That the Irish should be a wonder-loving race, is only a natural consequence of their being devoted worshippers of ideas, and believers in hidden virtues and perfections, latent everywhere, and ever ready to step forth to view in operation and result. The ‘gods of the hills and of the plain’ are in this shape, perfectly familiar to their imaginations; they are prepared therefore to give a ready assent to any tolerably accredited, or vehemently affirmed tale of wonder. And truly, their rulers and teachers in things spiritual are no way backward in supplying the needs of the faithful in this particular. What with what they keep out, and with what they pour in;—the knowledge of one kind that they exclude, leaving all dimness and mystery, and the knowledge of another kind, that they inculcate for unquestionable truth,—it must be admitted that they meet the national yearning most completely.

Our first instance shall be of the legendary lore of the hills, exhibiting a wonderful fusion of patriarchal, Christian, and early Irish story. It is well known to all who know anything of Irish scenery, that S. Kevin is the tutelary saint of the vale of Glendalough. We were not prepared, however, to find S. Kevin avowedly superseding, in the popular belief and reverence, S. John the Baptist himself, nor to hear him associated, in the utmost good faith, with worthies of such widely remote generations. Happening to visit Glendalough on S. John the Baptist’s day, we inquired whether the festival was made much of there, and were informed that it was not kept at all; ‘Sure it was too distressin’ kapin’ so many holidays; lashins’ o’ work to do, and not a boy to do a hand’s turn at it.’ Yet it appeared that the 3d of the same month of June, had been most religiously honored as the day of S. Kevin. It will be seen presently that this was a piece of pure localism. On requesting particulars of S. Kevin’s history, who flourished in the sixth century, we found him much mixed up with Fin M’Coul in the third.

'Fin M'Coul wasn't a Christian at all at all at first, but a big haythen, and S. Kevin converted him. Sure he was an Ephesian,\* and went every day to his sarvice at the temple of the great goddess Diana. When Fin M'Coul first saw S. Kevin, he didn't think much av him any way. Says he to him, "Ye're nothing but an ould salutary (solitary) saint." But S. Kevin had learnt letters from Jeremiah, and he from Noah, so he soon insined him.'

An inquiry as to the period of these events elicited the following additional information:—

'Fin M'Coul was the only man alive at that time. Now it's well known' (this was usually the prelude to something of a less certain character than the rest) 'that the first place Noah dropped his anchor on was them hills above; and there Fin M'Coul found it. Says he, "What's this?" and so he took it to Vulcan, that was the first smith ever was, and bade him make him a sword of it, and that's how he come by his sword. And hearing say, one day, that Romulus and Ramus, the haythens, were fighting hard by, and that Ramus was getting the best of it all to smithereens, he ran to help; and striking with his sword here and there, split the hills into three parts. Before that, it was all without form:—and that's what made the scenery. Sure, he was a giant, like the rest of 'em. *It's well known*, that Adam was seven hundred feet high: and he to be seen, any day, walking up the Giant's Causeway, as unconcerned as possible.' 'As for S. Kevin, 'twas he built that round tower, widout ever a bit of morter: and they can't build anything like it now, with all their combustibles. But there was many blessins in those days.'

Now we allow for a certain amount of wilful extravaganza in the above tissue of absurdities. But we could perceive that notions of this kind as to the elder days among the hills had some real hold upon the imaginations and the belief of the simple hearted inhabitants, and were not merely dressed up to make tourists stare. Neither are we insensible to the beauty, or the possible harmlessness, of this sort of mythology. There is a Titanic grandeur, amid all their absurdity, about some of these ideas and expressions. The Eildon hills will occur to every reader. And it is better to have the keen apprehension thus embodied, of the majesty and glory of the great features of nature, than to be insensible to it altogether. Whether it be also well that a Christian man's knowledge of the Old Testament should be confined to fragments served up in such a hotch-potch as this, is another question. We wish we could believe that any more intelligent notions on the subject lay hid under these grotesque legends.

But if the imagination is thus left to run riot, on the one hand, in a shadowy region of semi-paganism, there is, on the other, no lack

\* Is this a remnant of the 'old Milesian story,' of Ireland having been colonized from Miletus, (to which Ephesus was the metropolis), arc. n. c. 500?

of present and confidently-vouched Christian miracle to make up for the vagueness and indefiniteness as to past time. It was our fortune, on one occasion, to have laid open to us a fuller and more circumstantial view of the interior life of a religious Irishman of the lower classes, than is, perhaps, often enjoyed by a comparative stranger. These pages will never meet the eye, nor if they did, would they, we trust, hurt the feelings of Larry Doherty, sometime assistant "dhry-salter" in the fair city of Waterford, and now, or lately, common carman on his own account in the same. We desire to do all justice and all honor to the deep and earnest faith, the humble and obedient practice, which so unmistakably came to light in our interview. His habit of making his prayer three times in the day, wherever he might be, or however employed, for all whom it could by any possibility concern; his profoundly testified grief that he was forbidden to include in that number his departed Protestant masters or friends; his evidently habitual sense of the nothingness of time, as against eternity:—"I take it, Sir, that this time that we're livin' now, is just a *hand's turn*; and the grate matter is to be ready again that day;" his constant submissive reference of all things to the Divine disposal (a trait of his countrymen, of which Sir Francis Head has given some striking instances); and last, not least, his conscientious abandonment of the "dhry-salting" trade, "for 'fraid he'd break the pledge;" against these, in their line, we can have nothing to say. But he proceeded to give us some idea of the kind of knowledge and religious fact which this earnest heart of his was in the habit of feeding upon. We can select but two or three, out of a very host of marvels, which were familiar to his every-day experience. One of the most notable was of a fisherman of Dunmore, in those parts, who had been wont to ply his craft to the neglect of the due observance of S. John the Baptist's day, (following herein, it will be remarked, the use of Glendalough,) and who on that day, in the present year of grace 1853, captured and sold a large draught of fish, reserving but one "for himself and the childre." "And when the fish came out of the pot," said our informant, "there, as plain as ever ye see, was writ the words, 'The Gospel of the day.'" This was the whole matter. But the fish so inscribed had been seen, he averred, by vast numbers of Romanists and Protestants alike, and may be seen at this moment, in a bottle, at the house of the titular bishop. "Wasn't that a merracle, Sir?" was the triumphant conclusion. Another instance must be told in his own words. "I knoo a man, Sir, that had been a very bad livin' man; and then all at onst he turned and made a great change, and was very regular at his djooties, [duties,

i. e. confession and communion.] "Ye're very much for your sowl," says I. "'Deed I am," says he. And so he went on for three years, very regular at his djooties. And at the end of that time the blessed Virgin saluted him." This was explained to mean, made an inclination of her head to him three times. "Wasn't that a merracle, Sir?" We were constrained to admit that it was, if it took place. "And now, Sir, we're comin' to a place in the road where it happened, what I'm goin' to tell you." This anecdote was adduced in solution of a question which had often occurred to him, viz. whether the lost could ever be recovered. "There was a very bad livin' woman that died; and she was lost; and she got no rest, but appeared to a great many people in this spot. So the priest put his word upon her, and sent her off to the Black Say—the Black Say, I think it was, but I'm not sure of the place. Well, when her time was up, she com back again, and was seen again, till somebody said to her, 'Bless the poor sowl;' and after that she was never seen any more. And so I'm apt to think, Sir, it may be as I've said." It was natural to try to ascertain whether this intense faith and love of miracle had anything truer, of a kindred sort, to live upon. "Had he ever heard that S. Peter had once taken a miraculous draught of fishes?" "Indade, no, Sir." "Or that he was a fisherman at all?" "Ah! thin, sakes o' mine! and he a fisherman! think o' that!" One more question we asked him, the answer to which needs no comment of ours. "Did he know that our Lord had wrought miracles?" Never shall we forget the mixture of amazed and delighted bewilderment of his countenance, as so novel a conception dawned upon him. "Is it merracles?" Would ye be pleased, Sir, to tell me about it?"

We could draw, from the simple case we have thus put before our readers, inferences not a few. One thing is plain, that here is a right noble soil, which, rightly worked, might yield the fruits of a noble Christianity. Ireland was, in early days, the first among nations in the reception and propagation of the truth—doubtless on the ground of that fine and trustful, though easily perverted, native character, which has been handed down, in undying vigor and animation, as the one inalienable possession of her sons. Whether she shall as a nation find once more, in the records of truth and in the unfeigned marvels of divine grace, fit objects for that spirit of loving admiration and unquestioning belief in the existence here below of mighty powers and gracious influences, which is so eminently hers, is a question—and a deeply responsible one—for those in whose hands the shaping of her future is placed.

We may seem to detect, on the one hand, the probable cause of that remarkable fact, which

stands admitted by Romanists themselves, viz. the slight hold which their creed is found to have upon such of the population as have emigrated. No longer plied with wonders and legends, and having no great stock of truth to fall back upon, they are a prey to the first form of Protestantism which chances to present itself. And if, on the other, there are indications of the old spell, which bound the Irish peasant to what he has been taught to consider as exclusively "the old persuasion," having in some degree lost its power, even on Irish ground, it then becomes a matter of the deepest importance, that the faith and the practice which are to supersede it, be of a kind to absorb healthfully and effectually all the finer elements of Irish character. There must be something better offered to the acceptance of converts, than that meagre solidianism which is shouted Sunday after Sunday from Irish pulpits. The Irish Church must catch somewhat more of that spirit of primitive and catholic belief and practice which has been working now for some years in the bosom of her English sister, ere she is qualified to call upon the Romanist population to recognize her claims on their allegiance, and to worship at her altars. The Irish peasantry need to be told of the answer which genuine Christianity contains, to the craving which they feel within them, after beauty, and power, and wondrousness. They need to have exhibited to them the comeliness of the Christian sanctuary, and the present might of "outward and visible signs" for the conveying of "inward," wonder-working "grace."

But not in religious matters only, but in secular, is the careful study of Irish character and its hidden springs most important. It has been observed by a contemporary journal that,

According to the accounts furnished from the Irish Exhibition, Irish industry has manifested a decided turn for the ornamental and artistic, the absence of which is but too perceptible amongst our own manufacturers. If this be so, then in this, as in so many other particulars, we and our fellow-subjects have been playing at cross-purposes. Here and in the United States, it has hitherto been the fate of the Irishman to be employed almost exclusively in the rudest and most unskilled labor; his natural fancy and taste for the beautiful, in which he would appear to bear some resemblance to the Frenchman, have been altogether passed over. It would be remarkable, indeed, if Ireland—poor and despised Ireland—should, some day soon, be able to boast of having become indispensable to the manufacturing pre-eminence of her proud neighbor.—*Guardian*.

So, too, it will doubtless be found, in the matter of education, that the people are capable of being interested in the higher and more imaginative walks of literature, to a degree which cannot be said of the same classes in this country.

From Household Words.

### THE GHOST OF A LOVE STORY.

IN an excursion I once made in Brittany, I arrived one evening at the little town of Pontaven in Lower Cornwall—for Cornwall is on both sides of the channel—with all its *Tors*, *Tres* and *Pens*, as well on the French as on the English land, which goes far to prove that the two countries of Great and little Britain were once united.

It was a beautiful summer, and the charming country in that point of projecting land between the Bay of Douarnenez and the inlet of Benodet, had never looked more smiling and agreeable. I was on my way to Quimpe, the capital of the district, and need not have ventured on such fare as the very shabby inn offered; but I had a fancy to stop in order to have an opportunity of visiting the ruins of a castle which I had observed on my way, crowning a hill rising above a village called Nizon, a short walk from Pontaven.

As I was well aware that to view a ruin aright, one should "go visit it by the pale moonlight," and the moon being then "in her highest noon," I meditated an excursion with my companions—one of whom was a Breton born, and the other a brisk little native of Normandy—to the castle of Rustéfan, as soon as our supper had a little restored us after a day's journey over bad roads.

The walk was extremely pretty through deep shaded lanes, across which the clear rays of the moonlight danced as they escaped through the leaves, stirred by a soft breeze. We soon reached the village, and mounted the steep hill, at the highest point of which rose the numerous walls and towers of what must once have been a large castle. In what had been the inner court the ground was covered with soft turf; where formerly, the village fêtes and dances were held.

One night a merry party of young people were dancing on this green, and had not yet ceased, when the clock of the chapel of Nizon tolled twelve. Exactly at that moment, although the weather had been beautiful until then, for it was a warm summer, a sudden chill came over all, the moon became obscured, and the wind rose in sharp gusts which violently shook the thick ivy garlands on the wall. The party stopped in the midst of their dance, for every one had felt the influence of the change, and, as the sky grew darker and the wind louder, they clung to each other in actual fear. Presently those who had courage to look round them were aware that gazing at them from the pointed ruined window of the donjon, stood a figure in the dress of a monk with a shaven crown and hollow lustrous eyes. As the Great Revolution had long since cleared the country of monasteries, and as no monk had ever been seen in the locality except in a picture, the general astonishment was great. The terror increased when the figure, slowly moving from the window, reappeared at a lower one, as if descending the broken stair, and finally was seen to emerge from beneath the stone portal into the interrupted moonlight, and appeared—still fixing his lustrous eyes upon them—to be advancing. With a general cry of terror, and with a rapidity

which only fear could give, all rushed towards the opposite entrance, and, nearly falling over each other in their eagerness to escape, darted from the castle and made the best of their way to the bottom of the hill, nor stopped until they had regained the cottages.

After this, the ruins were never visited by night; but occasionally it happened that a stranger, coming from a distance, would have to cross the lower part of the hill, which the castle crowned, and, if he looked up from the marshy lake into which drains all the water from the heights round about, and which is one of the most dismal, dreary looking spots in the neighborhood, he was sure to see, mounting the hill and advancing slowly to the chief entrance to the castle, a funeral procession conducting a bier covered with a white cloth, and having four tapers at the corners, just as is usual on the coffin of a young girl. This would enter the castle gate and disappear.

Others have heard, as they passed under the walls, the sound of weeping and lamenting, and sometimes of a low melancholy singing, and have been witnesses to the appearance on the walls of a female figure, as of a very young girl, dressed in a robe of green satin strewn with golden flowers, who walks mournfully along uttering sighs and sobs, and occasionally singing in a tearful voice, words which no one has been able to comprehend.

My Breton friend, to whom all the legends of his country were familiar, finding that I was interested in the account of these apparitions of the castle, thus satisfied my longing to know how the belief could have arisen of these appearances of monk and lady.

"I suppose it was to give a gloomier horror to the legend that our friends, the peasants of Nizon fixed upon a monk for their ghost. The fact is, it is a priest who appears, with shaven head and brilliant eyes; one of those whom you may meet any day in the parish; indeed, the real hero of the tale filled that very office. You may have observed two names frequently repeated over the shops, both in the village below and at Pontaven—both Naour and Flécher are common hereabouts; the first are extremely proud of their name, for it proves them to be descendants of the once powerful lord of the castle of Rustéfan, in days when lords were people who had the command of all the country and all the peasants within their ken. As for Flécher, it was never more illustrious than it is now, yet it is connected with the history of these old ruins as much as the other.

"The peasants of Brittany are very ambitious that their sons should enter the church; it removes them from evil habits and hard labor, it gives them education and a certain superiority which every mother wishes her child to attain: moreover, in their opinion, it secures them heaven, and provides prayers for their kindred, and if the priest should happen to turn out a saint, the whole family is made immortal in fame.

"Marie Flécher, a widow with an only son, lived at Pontaven, and, every time her pretty little boy Ivan came home from the hills after tending the flocks of the farmer who employed

him, she sighed to think that so promising a child should have no better occupation. As he grew older, her regret increased, until at last she became quite unhappy, and imparted to her son her desire that he should go to school at Quimper and study to be a priest, instead of wasting his time in keeping sheep, and dancing and flirting with the young girls of the village. 'This is not a life for you,' she said. 'I have had a dream in which the Blessed Virgin directed me to dedicate you to her service; she hates idleness and ignorance, and you must go to the good father at Quimper, who will give you an education for nothing. You will first become a *clerc*, then a priest, have a salary, be able to keep your poor mother when she can work no longer, and pray for the soul of your father.'

"But," said Ivan laughing and carressing her, for he was very gay, "I don't want to be either a priest or a monk; I have lost my heart to the prettiest girl in the parish."

Marie started and looked disturbed: "This will not do, Ivan," she said; "you are too poor for that. You must leave your sheep and the young girls, and come with me to Quimper to learn to be something more than a clown, and to gain heaven by becoming a priest. You shall study, and shall be a *clerc*."

The most beautiful girls in that part of the country were the daughters of the lord of the Castle of Rustéfan, whose name was Naour, and whose lady was the godmother of Ivan Flécher; no one could look at any one else when these young ladies came down on their white ponies to the Pardon of Pontaven, clattering along the stony street, and dressed in green silk, with gold chains round their necks. They were all handsome; but the youngest, Gèneviève, was far beyond the others, and everybody at Pontaven said she was in love with the handsomest young man of the village, and he was Ivan Flécher, who was now a *clerc*, studying for the priesthood.

It was at the Pardon of Pontaven that Gèneviève and Ivan met, only for a moment, after his absence at the school of Quimper. "Ivan," said the young girl to him, "I have had four lovers who were *clercs*, and each of them has become a priest; the last of them is named Ivan Flécher, and he intends to break my heart."

The young lady rode on, and Ivan did not dare to reply, for it had been arranged, without his consent being asked, that he was to take holy orders. On the day when he was to go through the ceremony of being received into the church, he passed the village castle, and there was the beautiful Gèneviève sitting at the gate embroidering a chalice cloth in gold thread. She looked up as he passed, and said, "Ivan Flécher, if you will be advised by me, you will not receive orders, because of all that you have said to me in former days."

"I cannot withdraw now," replied he, turning as pale as death, "for I should be called perjured."

"You have forgotten, then," said Gèneviève, "all that has been said between us two; you

have lost the ring I gave you the last time we danced together?"

"No," replied he, trembling; "but God has taken it from me."

"Ivan Flécher!" cried the young girl in accents of despair, "hear me! Return! All I possess is yours. I will follow you to any fate. I will become a peasant like you and work like you. If you will not listen to me, all that remains is to bring me the sacrament, for my life is ended."

"Alas! alas!" sobbed Ivan, "I have no power to follow you; I am in the fetters of Heaven; I am held by the hand of Heaven, and must become a priest."

It was not likely that the father of the beautiful Gèneviève should favor their loves. He was therefore extremely glad when he found that the handsome young *clerc* had taken orders, and received him in the most friendly manner when he came to the castle to beg that he would assist at his first mass. The favor was immediately granted with a promise that his Godmother, the lady Naour, should be the first to put an offering into the plate.

But on the day when Ivan was to say his first mass, there was a sad confusion in the church; he began it well enough, but faltered in the middle of it, and burst into a violent flood of tears, so that his book was as if water had flowed over it. A sudden cry was heard in the church, and a girl with her hair dishevelled, and with frantic gestures, rushed up the aisle, in sight of every one, and throwing herself on her knees at the feet of the young priest, cried out:—

"In the name of Heaven, stop! you have killed me."

When they lifted her from the pavement, where Ivan Flécher had fallen in a fit, the beautiful Gèneviève was dead.

Ivan, who had sacrificed his love to the prayers of his mother, recovered after a time, and rose in the church; but he never smiled again; and the only recreation he ever allowed himself, was to wander about the gardens of the castle, where, unknown to her parents, he had been formerly, before he went to Quimper to study, in the habit of seeing the young lady of Naour. He passed most of his time when disengaged from his duties, in praying on her tomb. Some years afterwards, he was found one morning lying there, dead: embracing the stone which covered her remains.

A ballad relating the history of these unfortunate lovers, was composed in Breton, and is still popular, both in Tréguier and in Cornwall, and those who have heard it, do not doubt that the spectres occasionally seen among the ruins of the Castle of Rustéfan, are those of Ivan and Gèneviève.

I passed some hours of a beautiful moonlight night, after listening to this legend, in the scene of the tragedy; but except the lustrous eyes of a large gray owl, nothing startled me in the deep shadows of the towers; and, except the sighing of the breeze, no sound disturbed the solitude.



From Chambers's Journal.

## LIFE WITHIN LIFE.

WHEN old Leeuwenhoeck, prying with his microscope into all sorts of out-of-the-way places, first discovered plantations of algæ growing in the human mouth, he little thought he had opened the way for a series of researches which are now among the most interesting in natural history. Since his day, our knowledge of parasitic growths, both animal and vegetable, has largely increased, and we have obtained an insight into some of their causes and effects. Our forefathers were content to account for singular stains on the walls of houses, for rust, smut, blight, and mildew, by assuming witchcraft as the universal cause, as many people now-a-days ascribe everything they cannot understand to electricity. The witchcraft was believed to exercise itself in baleful blasts of air, in sunshine of a peculiar and mysterious quality, or in deadly fogs and mists. But the labors of naturalists have made us acquainted with a microscopic animal and vegetable world not less wonderful than that which everywhere meets the eye; and no witchcraft could be more surprising. There are *epiphytes* and *entophytes*, or outside plants and inside plants; and the animalcules which choose the interior of other animals for their habitation, are generally described as *entozoa*. It is one of the entophytes, the *Uredo fætida*, which produces the disease known as pepper-brand in wheat: a true parasite, it begins by preying on the heart of the plant, and shows itself at the surface only when the spores are ripe and ready to be dispersed for further mischief. Other kinds attack the leaves of trees, and produce those unsightly brown, gray, or yellow blotches; and among these there is one particularly dreaded in Herefordshire, as it always makes alarming ravages on the pear-trees. On the continent, too, the growers of grapes have had to lament the visit of a parasite that destroys half their fruit, with a disease known as the *oidium*. Some confine their depredations to hawthorn hedges; some, more choice in their taste, will locate themselves only on the under side of the skin of ripening fruit, singling out always the reddest peaches, and the roses of deepest blush, to the dismay of the gardener, who sees his produce and his hopes at once blighted. At times, these merciless hangers-on cover our favorite flower-bearing trees and shrubs with white filaments, curiously jointed, and ramifying in all directions; others make white fairy-rings on the leaves of cabbages, or coat the stalks of onions with a velvety-looking meal, or interweave a gray cobweb network through whole rows of peas. They flourish alike in heat and cold; growing into large fungoid heaps in the tropics, and dyeing the snow red on mountain-tops, and in the polar circle. Some select languid plants, others will have none but those of the most vigorous circulation, and upon these they establish and organize colonies with a rapidity that human beings, even with their Australian experiences, can never hope to imitate. Some confine themselves exclusively to the roots, and a tree is often seen to droop and die before

any outward signs of malady become visible. Who that has ever taken a country walk has not seen the dodder growing from and twisting round the stalks of nettles, thistles, flax, and clover, like bright red threads trimmed with small tufts of orange? No lasso ever enlaced its victim tighter than do these ruddy parasites the stems they entwine. Most of them derive all their nourishment from the substance to which they adhere; but there are a few, classed as false parasites, which are content with a point of attachment merely, and depend on themselves for sustenance. A peculiarity among the latter is worthy of notice: their leaves are unaffected by the light. The sun sheds his rays upon them in vain, they never relax or turn toward him, but keep a fixed position, as if bound by a spell.

From their greater variety, the animal parasites are perhaps more interesting objects of study than the vegetable. Strange little creatures many of them are! Some we can follow through several successive stages of their existence, and then all at once they are lost; and while the puzzled naturalist is trying to account for their disappearance, he finds them again in some unexpected habitat, but in an advanced state or form of development, and with no signs of what they have been doing or where they have been hiding in the interval. To the discovery of this secret, some of the most distinguished observers have devoted themselves with a perseverance which appears ridiculous to those who do not appreciate the engrossing nature of scientific pursuits. The question is a difficult one, for many of these tiny beings need a different habitation with every successive stage of their growth. Now they are found in one organ, now in another, now in the viscera now in the veins; and in some instances they have to forsake one animal and take up their abode in another of a different species before their developments can be continued. It is by this shifting of quarters that the inquirer is thrown out; he loses the trail, and recovers it with extreme difficulty or not at all. The shiftings are indeed curious. Some which have lived and flourished in a full-grown animal disappear, and when next found, they will be snugly brooding in the interior of hibernating larvæ. Others, again, pass a portion of their life on the excrement of *salamanders* and *tritons*, or efts, as they are popularly called, and nowhere else, until the succeeding period commences, when, true to their instinct, they seek another dwelling. Numerous tribes are met with in the intestines of cockroaches, beetles, and other insects; and at times they are discovered in situations where one would have still less thought of looking for them. Among recent examples of these singular facts, we may mention the results obtained by Dr. Joseph Leidy, of Philadelphia, who has devoted some years of study to the subject—with what success may be inferred from the history of his labors having been published by the Smithsonian Institution in the fifth volume of their valuable *Contributions to Knowledge*.

"Almost everybody," remarks the doctor, "is familiar with the *gordius*, or hair-worm, vulgarly supposed to be a transformed horsehair. The

animal is rather common in brooks and creeks in the latter part of summer and in autumn, occurring from a few inches to a foot in length. No one has yet been able to trace it to its origin. The female deposits in the water in which it is found millions of eggs, connected together in long cords. In the course of three weeks, the embryos escape from the eggs, of a totally different form and construction from the parents, their body being 1-450th of an inch long. No one has yet been able to determine what becomes of the embryo in its normal cyclical course."

The doctor then observes, that the grasshoppers found in the damp meadows near Philadelphia are much infested with a species of gordius, which he thinks may be the same, but in a different state of development. "The number of gordii," he says, "in each insect varies from one to five, their length from three inches to a foot; they occupy a position in the visceral cavity, where they lay coiled among the viscera, and often extend from the end of the abdomen forward through the thorax even into the head. Their bulk and weight are frequently greater than all the soft parts, including the muscles, of their living habitation; nevertheless, with this relatively immense mass of parasites, the insects jump about almost as freely as those not infested. In time, when the grasshoppers die, the worms creep from the body and enter the earth; for, suspecting the fact, I spent an hour looking over a meadow for dead grasshoppers, and having discovered five, beneath two of them, several inches below the surface, I found the gordii which had escaped from the corpses."

Here we have a glimpse of the mode by which one numerous family of parasites is perpetuated: they find their way from the ditches into the bodies of grasshoppers, and when those habitations become unsuitable, they escape into the earth. It would be curious to know what next becomes of them. The more the question is examined, the more is the theory of equivocal or spontaneous generation weakened; for though there are certain animals and plants which appear to reproduce themselves without assistance, there is yet found, by steady and long-continued watching, to be at last a sexual admixture, without which the race would inevitably die out. Recent discovery has demonstrated that most of the cryptogamia—ferns, mosses, and algae—do actually possess the sexual elements; and who shall venture to say that they will not be ultimately discovered in all, even in the fungi, which have hitherto baffled all attempts to detect in them a difference of sex?"

Entozoa are more abundant than entophyta: of the former, there are thirty-nine species which infest human beings. They do not, as is commonly supposed, fix their dwelling in the intestines exclusively, for they are found in the eye, in the bronchial glands, the kidneys, liver, and gall-bladder, in the muscles, and in the venous blood, as well as in the viscera—different species being peculiar to the different organs. Of entophyta, the hitherto known species are ten in number, and these also are peculiar to certain parts. The *sarcina* is found in the stomach, some grow on sores and the mucous surfaces,

and others appear numerous in those disgusting diseases, porrigio and *plica polonica*.

Dr. Leidy has added to the number of entophyta, by his discovery of some new species in the intestinal canal of a myriapod, the *Julus marginatus*, and of a coleopterous insect, *Passalus cornutus*, both found in decaying stumps of trees in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. To the plant met with in the *Julus* he gives the name of *enterobryus*: it exists in three varieties—*elegans*, *spiralis*, and *attenuatus*; all of which are remarkably beautiful in form and appearance. Though so small as only to be seen by the aid of a microscope, they present highly interesting objects of study. The *Enterobryus elegans* attaches itself to the membrane by means of a discoid pedicle, from which shoots a hollow stalk or thallus, the whole not more than from two to three lines long, and 1000th of an inch in diameter. This stalk has a single spiral bend at its foot, and contains within it a number of minute transparent vesicles, which, at the fitting time, escape by the bursting of the outer skin of the stalk itself, and grow into new plants. A group of these thalli presents a pleasing sight under the microscope, their graceful bends and curves, their dottings of light and shade, as the vesicles are more or less abundant or dense, exhibit effects reminding one of the vegetation seen on the banks of rivers in the tropics. Parasite though it be, it sustains another parasite, the *arthromitus*, which grows in small hairlike tufts from the stalk, and adds to its beauty. It is, moreover, the parasite of a parasite, for it attaches itself to several kinds of entozoa which infest the *Julus*. One of these, the *Ascaris infecta* had not fewer than twenty-three of the plants growing from its body, and yet it wriggled about, when placed in fluid, with such agility as to show itself but little incommoded.

The *Enterobryus spiralis*, as the name indicates, has a number of convolutions or spirals in its stalk, and the *attenuatus* has a sigmoid flexure, all of which add greatly to the beauty of these singular plants, while adapting them to the circumstances in which they are placed. By means of this arrangement, they are enabled to bear the peristaltic movement of the bowels, and the passage of the food; without it, so delicate is their structure, they would be inevitably broken and expelled. It is another among the numerous instances afforded by nature of elegance arising out of utility.

Another plant found by Dr. Leidy is the *ecarina*; it is an allied species of the *enterobryus*, and is, if possible, more remarkable, because in full-grown specimens the multiplication of cells from the earliest to the latest stage can be seen at once. Their subsequent developments are not less interesting than those which take place in larger plants and animals. Some are reproduced by division; secondary cells detaching themselves from the primaries, the form in which they are first seen being that of a transparent ovate vesicle, not more than the 2500th of an inch in diameter. Numbers of the cells are no sooner separated, than they at once fix themselves to the membrane or to the parent plant, which is of the same minute character as the *enterobryus*.

The *arthromitus* has no pedicle, but it grows profusely in tassel-like tufts from granules on the membrane, as the algae of the mouth grow from granules that collect between the teeth and in hollows of the gums. Another, the *cladophytum*, is the smallest of all, being not more than the 700th of an inch in length, and the 30,000th in diameter. There appears to be a strong disposition to fraternize among the species here mentioned; for where one is found, the others are also found in greater or lesser quantity.

Besides these, there are various growths which have not yet been fully made out, but which, so far as examined, are found to possess characteristics equally remarkable. In the mass, they present the appearance of a jungle that half conceals the better-known species; yet when observed in small groups and in detail, such are the delicacy and grace of their form and structure, so exquisite their coloring, as to produce effects of beauty which we seek for in vain in the larger kinds of vegetation, however luxuriant. In one place will be seen clusters of peacocks' feathers on yellow stalks, the central eye of deepest carmine, shaded from the centre to the circumference, and surrounded by divergent rays, all bending and waving at the slightest motion of the fluid in which they are placed. Among them are scattered stems, growing cactus-like, a dark vein running up the centre of their amber-colored interior, and streaked outside with velvety lines of red, while sable, hairlike tufts droop from their crowns like flowing horsetails. In other places stand little forests of what appear to be Scotch firs, denuded of their acicular leaves—dark masses, against which the brighter colors form an admirable contrast. Others, again, resemble hairy artichokes, with a resplendent star at their base; and in others we see clumps of bulrushes, their spikes of pale straw-color containing a crimson core that shines through its downy covering. Here and there gleams an oval disk, that might be taken for a microscopic feather screen, fit to adorn a fairy's mantelpiece; and all around is a thick undergrowth of plume-like plants of a grayish hue, set off by touches of the richest brown. On such a scene the eye lingers delightedly for hours.

In addition to these vegetable parasites which grow so abundantly within the insects, as to make the beholder wonder how their functions can be carried on, there are seven species of entozoa which infest the *Julus*, and range at will through its internal forests: the *Passalus* has only three kinds, but its thoracic cavity is generally found to be filled with an imperfectly developed worm. Narrow and encumbered as such quarters are, the males and females find ample room to disport themselves, to breed and rear their young.

The presence of entozoa within the body, as a rule, causes neither harm nor inconvenience: they frequently appear, establish a numerous colony for a season, and then disappear, without the individual having been at all aware of their presence. Entophyta, on the contrary, do positive harm: silk-worms are liable to a disease which kills them in great numbers, and shows itself on

their bodies as a bluish-green mould, but which is an insidious minute vegetation. The *Cicada septendecim*, or seventeen-year locust of the United States, is also preyed upon by parasites, which grow within it in the form of a white moist fungus that ultimately destroys its life; in which we probably see a natural countercheck to the too great multiplication of a destructive insect. People of sluggish habits are more subject to the invasions of parasites than those of an active disposition; and persons who live much on inutritious food, or substances slow of digestion, will be infested, when those who diet themselves generously, and with well cooked food, will be exempt. Cooking is one of the means of prevention; and it is often remarked, that those who live chiefly on vegetables are constantly troubled with parasites. The Swiss peasantry are a striking case in point. Seeing, however, that foreign bodies are more readily introduced with liquid than with solid food, aquatic animals are more infested than terrestrial.

Dr. Leidy combats the notion that diseases are produced or propagated by parasites taken into the body, as none of the well-known animalculæ are poisonous; and he adds: "At various times, I have purposely swallowed large draughts of water containing myriads of *Monas*, *Vibrio*, *Euglenia*, *Leucophrys*, *Paramoecium*, *Noticella*, etc., without ever having perceived any subsequent effect." And although we know that vegetable parasites cause disease, there is no satisfactory proof of their having floated through the air on their deadly errand. It is quite possible to distinguish particles of matter which are not more than 200,000th of an inch in bulk, and as the smallest vegetable spores are large in comparison, being from 20,000th to 30,000th, they could hardly escape notice were they floating about in the atmosphere. On this point Dr. Leidy adds: "I have frequently examined the rains and dews of localities in which intermittents were epidemic, upon the Schuylkill and Susquehanna rivers, but without being able to detect animalculæ, spores, or even any solid particles whatever. I have examined the air itself for such bodies, by passing a current through clear water. . . . Ordinarily, when the atmosphere was still, early in the morning, or in the evening, neither spores nor animalculæ could be detected. When piles of decaying sticks or dry leaves were stirred up, or the dust was blown about by the wind, a host of most incongruous objects could be obtained from the air; none, however, which could be supposed capable of producing disease."

"To assert, under these circumstances, that there are spores and animalculæ capable of giving rise to epidemics, but not discernible by any means at our command, is absurd, as it is only saying, in other words, that such spores and animalculæ are liquid, and dissolved in the air, or in a condition of chemical solution. That the air may be poisoned by matters incapable of detection by the chemist, is proved by the emanations from such plants as the *Rhus vernix*, *Hippomane mancinella*, etc.

From Household Words.

## WHY MY UNCLE WAS A BACHELOR.

It had often occurred to me to speculate on the reason which could have induced my uncle to remain unmarried. He was of such a kindly temper, so chivalrous towards women, so keenly alive to domestic enjoyments, and withal such an earnest promoter of marriage in all his relations and dependants, that it seemed to me perfectly inexplicable. But for his kind offices, I am sure it would have been impossible for me to have induced my father to consent to my marriage with Maria; the cottage in which we live, furnished as it is, with its well-stocked garden and coach-house, was the wedding-present he made us; my sister Kate, too, what unhappiness he saved her by his kindness to Charlie Evans, who every one knows was something of a scapegrace! But my uncle saw the good in him which nobody else but Kate could discover, and had him down at his parsonage, and by his sweet and pious wisdom won him over to a steady and earnest pursuit of his profession. And now people talk of his brilliant talents and say how much good Kate has done him; but we all know who it was that gave him help and countenance just at the right moment, and we all love my uncle the more dearly for his good work.

When I was still a lad, and Maria's blue eyes had first turned my thoughts towards matrimony, it occurred to me to ask my mother in the course of one of our pleasant evenings alone together, why my uncle had never been married?

A grave sadness came over my mother's face, and she softly shook her head, as she replied in a suppressed tone, "Your uncle had a great sorrow in his youth, my dear; we must respect it. What it was, I do not know; he has never told me, and I have never asked him."

It was no matter of surprise to me to hear my mother speak thus; for, in spite of the gentleness of my uncle's manners and his warm affection, there was a dignity about him which rendered it impossible to intrude upon a confidence he did not offer. I felt that his sorrows were sacred, and never again made any attempt to gain information respecting them; although I could not refrain from a tender speculation as to the character of that grief which had deprived him of a happiness he was eminently calculated to enjoy.

In the summer of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, my uncle, according to his custom, came to spend a week with us. He was in fine health and spirits, and we and our children enjoyed the festival even more than usual. On the Friday evening, my uncle had been into town, and it was growing dusk when he returned. He came, as usual, into my study. I looked up, on his entrance, to welcome him; but was struck by the pallor of his countenance, and by the traces of emotion which disturbed the tranquil dignity of his ordinary bearing. I placed a chair for him, and he sat down in silence—a silence which for some moments I felt almost afraid to break. At length I said, in a low voice, "Has anything occurred to distress you, sir?"

"No, Edward," he replied, slowly and like one who has some difficulty in collecting his thoughts,

"nothing that ought to distress me; but I am very weak; my faith is very weak—and I heard it suddenly. I have heard, to-night," he continued after a pause, and speaking more continuously, "of the death of a lady whom I used to know many years ago. She was young and full of life when I knew her. I have always thought of her as so young, so full of life, that the great change to death seems almost impossible. Edward, you will not think me wearisome if I speak to you of what was, long and long ago, before you were born, when your mother was still a child."

I assured him by my looks rather than by my words, of the interest with which I should listen. He sank again into silence; but, after a considerable interval, during which he seemed to be collecting his thoughts, he resumed:

"My father, as you know, was the head of the younger branch of the great Northumberland family of the Watsons; my mother was a daughter of Sir Mildmay of Cobham Hall. I refer to these circumstances, not from any pride that I take in having what is termed good blood in my veins, but merely because they exercised an important influence over my life. When a child, I was very much spoiled; for I was considered handsome and intelligent, and my mother was proud of me. She was a woman of few but strong affections and of a very decided will. My father, who had been a soldier, contented himself with maintaining almost military discipline in his household, but left to my mother the internal administration of affairs. Feeling unconsciously the superior activity of her mind, he allowed himself to depend, in all important matters, on her judgment. They were united by a very strong attachment, founded on a similarity of principles—prejudices, perhaps, in some cases—and favored not a little by the difference of their physical constitutions. The fine proportions of my father's figure, and his great manly beauty, gave him such a material superiority to my mother—who was small, and delicately made, and withal not handsome—that he with greater ease submitted to her moral supremacy; and, without knowing it, allowed his mind to be fed and guided by hers. For a long time I was an only child—your mother, as you know, is ten years younger than I—so that the absence of play-fellows and companions of my own age fostered—perhaps created—in me a pensive and meditative disposition; an inclination to dwell upon small incidents, to keep my emotions secret, to repress the outward show of feeling—but to feel only the more deeply.

"I was brought up at Rugby, and the independent citizens of our rough school republic were the only associates of my boyhood. During the holidays, indeed, my mother used to take me to Cobham Hall, the seat of my uncle Mildmay, where I used to see my cousin Grace, a girl of somewhat about my own age. But she was never away from her governess, and was so demure and ladylike that I was afraid to speak to her. My mother always expressed a great affection for Grace; and when she wrote to me at school, especially as I began to grow older, there was invariably some mention of her in her let-

ters, as, "Your cousin Grace, whom I saw yesterday, sends her love;" or, "I went to Cobham a few days since; they are all well, your cousin Grace is growing fast, her figure promises to be very fine, she hopes to see you soon and sends her love." And so matters went on, till the time came for me to leave Rugby, when my mother informed me that, as there was a good living in the family, she and my father and my uncle wished me to go into the church.

"I am sorry to say, Edward, that although I was then nineteen, I had never seriously thought of my future calling; my wants had always been carefully provided for; and, in the security of a contemplative temperament, I had glided down the stream of time with very little perception of the nobler portions of my nature, of my higher capacity for enjoyment and for suffering. My mother's proposal I acceded to without difficulty, and without any serious reflection. So, I went to Oxford, met many of my old Rugby associates there, and lived very much as I had lived before: only spending a little more money. But this was not to continue—I was to be roused from this spiritual torpor; I was to learn what was in me. If the lesson was bitter, it was wholesome; and I can re-echo that deep and wise saying of one of your modern poets, Edward, which is the fruit of suffering:

Better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.

I went to spend part of the summer vacation of the year eighteen hundred and ten—I have good reason to remember the year—with a friend at his father's house, a pleasant place in the neighborhood of Warwick. There were no field-sports to beguile the time; and Topham and I were neither of us fond of study, so that we had some difficulty in disposing of our leisure. Colonel Topham, my friend's father, was little better off this respect than ourselves—he could hardly find occupation for himself during more than three or four hours in the morning; so it was with great exultation that, one afternoon on his return from Warwick, he brought us the intelligence that the Theatre was to be opened on the following Monday, and that it was announced that Mrs. Siddons would be passing through the town, and would play Catherine in Henry the Eighth, for one night; of course he had secured places for all our party. Theatres were hardly, then, what they have become since—either the audience possessed less intellectual culture, and were satisfied with less, or the actor understood his art better; at all events the amusement was very popular, and the announcement of the opening of a country theatre was a signal for a pleasurable excitement in the neighborhood. You may imagine, then, how much the excitement was increased by the prospect of seeing the greatest actress of her own, perhaps of any time, of whose retirement people already began to talk.

"I shall not attempt to describe to you what I should want words to convey—the suffering majesty of the wronged Catherine, almost divine as she appeared by the side of the ranting Henry. She bore herself as if she was every inch a queen,

her dignity giving a most moving pathos to her womanly tenderness; while he, uncomfortable with padding and vainly endeavoring to speak in a voice suitable to his artificial proportions, rendered absurd the violent but princely tyrant of the poet. Such inequalities, painful as they are, are looked upon as matters of course in a country theatre. We had come to see Mrs. Siddons, and expected nothing but amusement from the blunders and misapprehensions of the rest of the company. My friends were familiar with most of the actors—several were native to the place—but the name of the actress who was to play Anne Boleyn, had already given rise to some speculation in our party. No one was acquainted with it, no one had seen the lady who bore it. When she entered, in her graceful and modest costume, there was an involuntary start of admiration through the house. Anything more lovely was never seen; and when she spoke, her words were delivered with propriety and intelligence, but in a subdued and rather timid tone, which added greatly to her charm. We held our breaths, lest we should lose one tremor of her girlish voice. Catherine herself was almost forgotten in sympathy and pity for Anne Boleyn.

"In the after-piece, the young actress played again. This time she had a part which entirely suited her; she had to play a spoiled child, sent to school to be taught manners. The character was exactly suited to her years and to her taste. She acted without effort and with perfect success. It was evident that, for the time, she was living in the scene. It was impossible to express delight while she was speaking and moving—we feared to lose one glance of the mischief-loving eyes, one toss of the beautiful head; but when at last we burst out into loud applause, she looked round in amazement to see for whom the demonstration was meant; and when our renewed cries and the whispers of some one who stood near her convinced her that she was the object of our admiration, a look of bewilderment which had much more of displeasure than of triumph in it, broke over her countenance: she made a hasty salutation, and ran off the stage.

Nobody thought, nobody spoke, of anything but the beautiful actress. We soon learnt that she was niece to the manager, and was residing in the town with her mother, a widow, and three or four brothers and sisters. We went to the theatre whenever she acted. Mrs. Topham invited her to her house; so did all the ladies in the neighborhood. In the morning she looked even more lovely than on the stage; she was hardly seventeen; her complexion had the transparency and the variability of early youth; in her mind and manners, the simple trustfulness of the child was blended with the opening sensibilities of the woman. It is impossible to give you any idea of the elastic grace of her motions, of the marvellous and ever-changing expressions of her countenance—nothing that approached her could withstand her witchery.

"As a natural consequence of her position and her singular beauty, Violet Elder was capricious and proud. She did not attempt to conceal her dislike of some of the forward coxcombs who pressed their attentions upon her, or her displeasure at an



ill-expressed or too open compliment. How it was, I know not; perhaps, because my silent admiration was better suited to her taste; perhaps, as I rather incline to think, from the natural kindness of her heart which led her to see the loneliness of mine, and to compassionate the nervous tremor with which her presence inspired me, for these or other reasons she soon distinguished me and showed pleasure in conversing with me. She took me into her confidence, demanded little services of me, treated me as a friend, and invited me home to see her mother, whom she loved with a devoted though sometimes dictatorial affection. If she looked lovely among the gay and wealthy, where her only business was to be amused, how much more lovely did she appear in her simple home, the support and ornament of the humble household. Here, all pride, all restraint was lost in her affection for her mother—a gentlewoman, still eminently handsome, and not beyond the middle age—and in her cordial and playful love for her younger brothers and sisters. I must not dwell on this part of my story, though God knows I could linger over it for hours.

"That I loved her with a true and earnest passion, I need hardly tell you. She returned my love; I had the assurance from her own dear lips. After the term of my visit at Topham Court had expired, I took lodgings not far from Warwick, accounting to myself and to my mother for not going home, by the necessity of reading for my approaching examination. My mother wrote to me frequently, and continually mentioned my cousin Grace. This I did not remark at the time, and merely read and replied to her letters in an absent manner. I was wrapt in the sweet delirium of a higher existence; all that was gross and material about me, seemed to be laid to rest. Violet was all in all to me. I had no thought, no apprehension for anything except her. Creation seemed clothed in divine beauty; life, in its larger, fuller sense, was opening upon me, for I drank deep of the golden waters of love.

"Thus passed half a year. I returned to Oxford, but we corresponded almost daily. I did not communicate anything relative to Violet to my mother, from an instinctive apprehension I suppose; for certainly it was not the result of design. Besides, I never had been accustomed to speak of my feelings to her or to any one, and I was such a child in worldly matters that I had never yet formed any plans for the future. When I returned to Warwick at Christmas, however, Mrs. Elder gently required of me some explanation, some statement of my intentions. She told me that it was very much against her wish that her daughter had ever embraced the profession of the stage; that nothing but the representations of her brother-in-law and the necessities of her family had induced her to consent to her making use of her talents in this way; that it would be a very great happiness to her to see her united to me, convinced as she was of our mutual attachment; that she felt the dangers of Violet's position, and was extremely anxious to place her in one more congenial to her tastes and better calculated to develop the softer portions of her character. She concluded by informing me

that Violet had received an extremely advantageous offer of an engagement in London, but that they had delayed accepting it until she had spoken with me.

"I replied that I was just ready to take orders, that there was a good living waiting for me, and that I would write to my parents by that night's post to request their consent. Mrs. Elder looked a little grave that evening, but Violet and I were perfectly happy. We sat talking of our future. I described to her the Parsonage and the surrounding country; spoke of my father, of my mother, and of my grand relations at Cobham Hall.

"The next day was also one of unmingled happiness. We walked in the bright winter weather along the hard roads, her brothers running races past us. Her complexion assumed a more transparent brilliancy; her eyes sparkled with health and happiness.

"That night, when I returned to my lodgings, I found my mother waiting for me. She was white with passion. In unmeasured terms she upbraided me with dissimulation and every species of misconduct. In her anger she told me that my hand had long since been disposed of; that I was affianced to my cousin Grace; that she and her brother had settled it when we were both children. She reminded me of the calling for which I was intended, and demanded if I thought an actress a fit wife for a clergyman and a Watson? At first her vehemence stunned me, and I listened in bewildered dismay; but the contemptuous mention of Violet roused the dormant passions within me. I sternly and indignantly protested that Violet was worthy of a much greater fortune than I could offer her. I declared that I would not be bound by a contract made without my knowledge. I asserted that I would make Violet my wife—that in the sight of Heaven we were already united. My mother was in her turn astounded; she had never suspected that I inherited so much of her own temper. From angry denunciation she turned to entreaty, to supplication. I met her in the same spirit. I begged her to see Violet—to judge for herself. She absolutely refused; and commanded me if I valued her blessing, to attend her home on the morrow.

"I had been too long accustomed to obey her to refuse compliance, especially as she enforced her command by telling me of my father's severe illness, and of his imperative desire to see me. Besides, I was frightened at the strength of my own passions, and hoped to be able to soften her, and to win my father to my side.

"While my mother was dressing next morning, and while the post-chaise in which we were to travel was waiting at the door, I ran down to Violet's house. It was still very early, and I had to wait some minutes before Violet could see me. I had not been in bed nor had I closed my eyes all night. I suppose I looked very haggard, for she started when she saw me.

"Is anything the matter?"

"No, no, dearest; I am only come to say good-bye. I am obliged to go to the North. My father is very ill and wants to see me."

"Violet's face brightened. She laid her hand lovingly on my arm.

"I am very sorry, love; but I hope he will soon be better, and that you will not be many days gone."

"They were the last words I ever heard her speak. I could not bear her trustful tenderness; my tears choked my utterance.

"How my mother detained my letters: how my uncle himself went to Warwick, saw Violet, appealed to her pride, told her that if I married her I should be disowned by my family, and ruined; how by a thousand other false and cruel arguments they wrung from her a renunciation of my engagement to her, and at last induced her to send me back all my little presents, and all my letters, I never knew until long, long afterwards. She sent me a few lines—a little letter—with them, but I did not receive it at the time—not until long, long afterwards. Though the things of which I speak are long past, though the paper is yellow with age, and the words traced in her pretty girlish hand are illegible, I know them by heart.

"Dearest, I shall never write to you again. I send you back your presents, and, what is much harder, your letters. Your mother and uncle are quite right. I never thought I was fit to be your wife. I wish you very, very happy. Do not think I blame you at all. God bless you. Perhaps I ought not to pray for you, but I cannot help it yet; and I do not think my prayers can do you harm. You know how dearly I loved you; but I do not love you now, since it would be your ruin. Oh! if I must become very wicked, if I must grow proud and sinful, still pray for me, you, who are so good, who are to live a pure and holy life, your prayers will be heard; and it cannot do you harm to pray for me.—VIOLET ELDER.

"P. S.—I hope you will marry your cousin, and that you will be happy."

"I do not think my mother, fertile as she was in expedients, could have succeeded in keeping me away from Violet, but for my father's continued and serious illness. As it was, I wrote again and again to Violet, and, as I received no answer, no explanation of the return of my letters, I was in a continual state of agitation. An idea of the truth—that my letters were detained—sometimes flashed across my mind; but I found it hard to believe that my mother would have recourse to such means. At rare intervals I felt displeasure against Violet. At length, my father getting no better, but rather worse, the doctors ordered him to a warmer climate. I am not sure that my mother did not suggest the remedy; she was certainly very eager in adopting it.

"While we were in London on our way to the Continent, I insisted on going to Warwick. My mother made no difficulty; she was probably aware of the inutility of my visit.

"When I reached the lodgings which the Elders had occupied I found them empty, the theatre was closed, all the company were dispersed. The keeper of the lodgings informed me that Violet had been very ill; that she was gone to Scotland—she believed, to fulfil an engagement.

We were to sail for Italy on the morrow. To follow her was impossible, and the woman could give me no clue to her address. It was even a comfort to know that Violet had been ill; that might be the reason of my letters remaining unanswered. Her mother, too, would probably be offended at the refusal of my parents to sanction our engagement. Violet had been very ill, the landlady said, for three weeks. She had had a fever, and they had cut off nearly all her beautiful hair. She used to cry out and talk wildly when she was ill; but her mother nursed her herself, and allowed no one else to go into the room. She was almost well before she went away. She used to go out in a carriage, and she revived and smiled again, too; but somehow there seemed a weight on her spirits: it wasn't her old smile—but then she had been very ill.

"Perhaps the woman had connected Violet's illness with me. Women have an intuitive perception of such matters. At first she was very cold and little disposed to be communicative. But I suppose my own countenance bore some trace of the suffering I had undergone. Perhaps she saw in me something that moved her compassion; be that as it may, she threw off the constraint she had at first put upon herself, told me many touching details of Violet's weakness, and permitted me to visit the room where I had so often sat with her. She also gave me a braid of the hair which had been cut off; how she came to have it I don't know; I have sometimes hoped it might have been left with her for me.

"I accompanied my parents to Italy with reassured spirits. Violet loved me and my heart was strong within me. I would make the best use of my time while I was abroad, and if on our return my mother still refused her consent, I would be able to support my wife by my exertions. Time and distance seemed as nothing. A little year and Violet would be mine. But the year lengthened into two. My father slowly declined; he pined to see home again, and we set out on our journey. But he was never more to set his foot on English ground: he died at Naples, and there he lies buried.

"When my mother had a little recovered from the shock, she, my sister and I set out on our return. Perhaps in that saddened state of her feelings she might have softened towards Violet, but it was now too late.

"During our stay in Italy I had heard of Violet, only in her public character. I had heard of her appearance in London, and of her triumph. My college friend, Topham, wrote me accounts of her. He told me she was surrounded by admirers, among whom there were more than one of rank and station, who aspired to her hand; but he said that she was grown very haughty; more beautiful than ever—unquestionably more beautiful, but strangely proud, disdainful, and wilful. He confessed that she had treated him with marked and with what he considered supercilious coldness. Topham was by no means the person to whom I could confide the secret of my affection. He belonged to the class of young men who have no depth of feeling themselves, and whose system of honor has no reference to anything beyond the opinion of the narrow cir-

cle in which they move. I imagined that Violet knew the strength and constancy of my love, that she had faith in me, and for my sake assumed this repulsive manner to her suitors. Knowing her trustful tenderness, and abundant affection, this seemed to me nothing but a veil with which she sought to hide the sufferings of her heart. I panted for the moment when I should see her once more, face to face, and tell her all I had endured and hoped.

"My uncle, Sir George, met us on our arrival in London. We were to stay at a house which he then occupied in Grosvenor Street; my aunt and my cousin Grace were also there, and George Mildmay, a fine boy of seventeen, just returned from Eton. After the first emotions of meeting were over, the ladies withdrew together; my uncle retired to his library; and George and I were left to ourselves. I could not help looking with admiration at the handsome, intelligent face, and listening with surprise to the masterly manner in which my cousin, whom I had never thought of but as rather a spoilt boy, dealt out the news of the town.

"'You'll like to see what's doing at the theatres, I dare say,' said he, when a pause in the conversation suggested the introduction of a new subject, 'we'll run down to Drury Lane by-and-by, if you like; not that there's anything worth looking at in the way of women. It was a monstrous shame of Woodhouse to run off with our little Sultana.'"

"'With whom?' inquired I, mechanically.

"'Why, the very princess and fairy queen of actresses, the brightest eyes—the loveliest hair—such a glorious laugh—and a foot and ankle that were delightful to look at. It's a splendid thing for her. Woodhouse has somewhere about four thousand a year *in esse*, and double as much, *in posse*; though to be sure so he ought, for he's a slap and dash fellow. They say he's growing tired of his prize already, and she's so confoundedly cold and proud; but you know her; you were at Warwick when she came out.'

"'Yes, I did know her. I had known ever since he began to speak, of whom he was talking, but the sudden and unexpected blow had stunned me, and I was glad to let him rattle on. Violet, my Violet—she whom I had never for one moment ceased to love—she, my own tender Violet—married, and married to such a man!

"The boy talked on, retailing all the little town gossip respecting her who dwelt in my heart's-core. An irrepressible desire to see her, to assure myself of the extent of my misery, came over me. I asked the boy where she lived; he replied by mentioning a street not far distant. How I broke from him, I don't know, nor does it matter now; I only know that I hurried to the street which he had named, and almost by instinct found the house.

"I must have inquired for Violet by her name, for I was admitted—in a minute I found myself in her presence. The room was luxuriously furnished; Violet sat beside a lady, probably a visitor, on a sofa. She looked eminently handsome, but with a beauty different to that which I had loved; her carriage was more stately, and there was something haughty in her expression;

her dress, too, had lost the girlish simplicity which was familiar to me. It was but for a brief space that I could gaze upon her unobserved—and at the time I was conscious of none of these things; but all, even to the minutest details of her dress, were stamped on my recollection with the truth and vigor of a daguerreotype picture. Oh how often have I wept over that vision, so gloriously lovely, but even then marred and sullied by the world!

"Violet looked up and perceived me. The rich color fled from her cheeks, the pupils of her eyes dilated, her whole countenance assumed an expression of horror and despair, her lips trembled with the attempt to form a sound, and she half stretched out her arms towards me. The sight of her emotion overwhelmed me. I trembled from head to foot; something I believe I said, or strove to say, and hurried from the house. In that gaze I had read her soul and she mine! in that electric shock of spirits hers had revealed its depths to me as clearly and as truly as a landscape is shown in the instantaneous flood of lightning. I knew her story then, as truly by instinct as afterwards I knew it by facts; yet, in all the heart-struggle of that dreadful time, it was a comfort, it was a triumph to me to feel that even as I had loved Violet, Violet had loved me.

"I forced from my mother a confession of her interference; I compelled her to acknowledge the means she had employed to keep us apart; I extracted from my uncle an account of his interview with Violet; I saw how his heart had almost softened to her youth and tender love; in short, I gained such comfort as was left me—the memory of Violet, in all her innocent beauty and trusting affection; but I never sought to see her again.

"Years went on; her husband's fortune was dissipated by his lavish expenditure. Violet was compelled to return to the stage; her beauty drew upon her the misery of many admirers; her actions did not escape censure. Her husband died, and she married a second time. Her children—for she had two whom she must have loved with all the ardor of her nature—turned out badly; they were both boys. Sorrow and even poverty darkened her declining days; bodily suffering was added to mental disquietude; but I have heard, from those on whom I can depend, that she learned the lesson sorrow and trial are sent to teach—that she put away the world from her heart, that she died in hope, and rests in peace.

"Since the winter when I last beheld her, in the pride of her young womanhood, eight-and-thirty years have passed. She has fallen asleep, and my pilgrimage is nearly ended; but never on one day of those eight-and-thirty years have I ceased to pray for her; morning and evening I have prayed for her, and many a time besides. It was of the innocent girl that I thought, but it was for the suffering woman that I prayed. My mother earnestly strove to awaken in me some affection which might replace the remembrance of Violet. Had her fate been happier, I cannot tell what might have been moved within me; but I had so entirely loved her, and I knew her

to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that I could think of her, alone.

"She is gone where the children of the Father shall at length be pure and holy—where the sorrows and misapprehensions of this world shall be scattered like mists before the risen sun—where I hope to see her; the same, yet more beautiful in the majesty of completed suffering."

My uncle ceased, and large tears rolled slowly

down his cheeks. He died after three years, strong in the faith in which he had lived. A locket, containing some curls of auburn hair, and a letter the characters of which were illegible, were found on his breast. We did not remove them; and beside the porch of his little country church we reverently laid him to rest, with these remembrances of her whom he had loved so tenderly and truly.

**THE LAMPLIGHTER.** Rumor gives the authorship of this work to a lady, a former resident of Salem. The shadow of its excellence seems to have been cast before it; for, on the first day of its publication, the edition of two thousand copies was exhausted by the trade, and the publishers give notice that, within ten days, ten thousand copies have been sold. So much for its almost unexampled popularity. As to its merits, there is no question but that it will rank among the first of American fictions. Of course it is compared with "Uncle Tom" and with Miss Warner's Works. In many respects it bears away the palm from either. The Lamplighter is an original character, Gerty none the less so, while blind Emily is a very fine creation. Mrs. Ellis, the very proper woman, and Patty Pace, with her antique dress and trimmings, are capital portraits. A fine moral sentiment pervades the work, always perceptible, yet never obtruding itself into notice, while it must be universally valued for its classic elegance of style, and beauty of diction. It is a purely American work, borrowing nothing from any literature or any language. It relies wholly upon its own merits, and the utmost popularity that it can have will be well deserved. No parent need hesitate to lay it on the family book-table, for it is as good as it is fascinating, and that is saying more than can be said every day. Every one who would have a charming gallery of "word-pictures" should buy the Lamplighter, which contains in one volume what many authors would have put into several.—[*Worcester Palladium*.]

**GERMAN BURIAL GROUNDS.**—There are, generally speaking, a greater number of monuments in proportion, than one would find in similar places in England; the monuments and graves are constantly hung and covered over with garlands, crowns, anchors, and wreaths made of evergreens, roses, violets, everlasting, and basil, and the rarer and more costly blossoms of the camellia, rhododendron, etc., and the long branches of a particular kind of palm (grown expressly for this purpose) tied with streamers of white ribbon. Many of these monuments are surrounded with iron or wooden railings, within which are comfortable chairs or garden-benches, with footstools and watering-pots for the mourners, who make periodical visits loaded with garlands, and sit feeding their grief and watering the trees and growing flowers. The whole system is, to my mind, filled with sentimentality and bad taste. In one of these "Ruhestatte," places of rest, as it

is prettily called, I found innumerable crowns of artificial flowers, silver garlands, white satin embroidered pillows, and three dozen of oranges, which formed part of the different wreaths and anchors offered up to the dead. In one part, a grave was literally studded over with glass beads like a pin-cushion, and on another was placed a small Christmas-tree, hung round with tawdry ornaments.—*Literary Gazette*.

"As I led you to expect, poor Silvio Pellico has gone to his last account. He expired peacefully, and with Christian resignation, on the night of the 31st of January. He was born at Saluzzo, in Piedmont, in 1788; but, on the completion of his studies, removed to Milan, where he entered the family of Count Luigi Porro, a gentleman well known in England, in the capacity of tutor. He there published the tragedy of *Francesca da Rimini*; and subsequently became editor of the first Liberal paper in Italy, the *Conciliatore*. In October, 1820, he was arrested, with many of the best men of Lombardy, on the suspicion of being a Carbonaro, and, as you know, was imprisoned in the Spielberg. There he remained in confinement until 1830, when he returned to this country and published the account of his sufferings—'Le Mie Prigioni,' which provoked such universal sympathy for him and his fellow-sufferers. Had the emperor Francis foreseen the wonderful effect produced by this work, poor Silvio Pellico would in all probability have ended his days at Spielberg. His Imperial Majesty used to evince the sense of the mistake by the bitterness with which he always mentioned him as '*quell' ipocritino*.' Since his liberation he never took any part in politics; but, in 1843, Gioberti dedicated to him the first great work of the Italian movement—'Il Primato.' Great sweetness, rather than energy, was the distinguishing characteristic of Pellico's Life.—*Correspondence of the Morning Chronicle*.

The statue of Jefferson, third president of the United States, was cast on the 25th January, at the royal foundry at Munich. It is thirteen feet high, and has taken ten tons of metal. This is one of the five statues which will surround the equestrian one of Washington, at Richmond, in Virginia, and which is twenty-two feet in height. The model of the statue is by Hiram Powers. Mr. Powers was present at the casting of his work.—*Athenaeum*.

From Household Words.

## FOUNDED ON FACT.

THIS twenty-seventh of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, I am staying on a visit in a small but comfortable French Chateau. It has been snowing fast all night long; and the fall is so heavy and the drifts are so deep, that all communication by carriage is cut off until the *cantonniers*, or road makers, can dig out a passage. The long covered arbor in the garden, with its central dome and pavilion at each end, is converted into a white semi-transparent cavern, which an Esquimaux would look upon as a palace. Alphonse, the man of all work, is sweeping a foot-path down the avenue which runs straight from my bed-room window to the fish-pond in the newly purchased park, on whose surface he evidently is projecting a space for us to skate upon. Martha, the maid-servant, spade in hand, is boldly opening a royal road direct from the kitchen door to the woodstack and the coal heap; for we burn a few coals here, which reach us both from Belgium and England. My host is perfectly content; the walking postman has brought him his favorite newspaper, the *Journal du Département de l'Est*, and he is already deeply absorbed in the continuation of an interesting *feuilleton*. The postman's task was not an easy one; but New Year's Day and its accompanying gifts are near at hand. Madame Forsette, the mistress of the house, is busy expediting household affairs, with an eye to the spinning wheel by and by. Felicité Fossette, her daughter-in-law, is fully occupied, for the moment, with her two little children. My friend, Isidore Fossette, nephew, son, and husband of the aforesaid persons respectively, has been lamenting with me that it is impossible (that is to say would be extremely foolish) to go out at present after the flocks of wild geese which are hovering about the neighborhood. They are not likely to shift their quarters far, and we shall be sure to get a better shot at them to-morrow. Moreover, we are to dine to day, off a fine, young white-fronted gander, and there is a magnificent bean goose in store besides, both of which highly-valued head of game are the result of our prowess. Trust a Frenchman not to think of the larder whenever he amuses himself with half-a-day's shooting.

You must know, then, that I am an Englishman residing abroad, through the joint inducements of health, economy and taste. My income is just sufficient for me to live thus, sparingly and prudently, in idleness; I manage, however, to earn so comfortable an additional revenue with my pen, that you may call me if you like, a professional rather than an amateur writer. For the successful prosecution of this pursuit, a certain degree of quiet and retirement is necessary. With an innate dislike to a great-town residence, and an instinctive love of out-door amusements, I contrived to secure every requisite advantage by lodging in a roomy farm-house, the land contiguous to which was cultivated by the proprietors, a widow and her married son, all living under the same roof. The Fossettes, therefore, are no new acquaintances of mine. Their farm is a paternal estate which has belonged to the family

about seventy years. The house itself, when I first entered it, was an offshoot of the old chateau; all the principal rooms of which had long remained unoccupied, until I selected my apartment.

The garden, when I first came, was utterly neglected; a wilderness of weeds, a tangled thicket of unpruned bushes. With the frugality approaching to miserly habits, which often characterizes the country people of France, the Fossette family regarded this garden as much of an inconsistent piece of luxury in their station of life, and as much of an incumbrance as the chateau itself. But I soon explained to them that if they would allow me to act as their head-gardener, (when writing, and fishing, and excursionising did not call me elsewhere), and if Isidore and Alphonse would work under my directions as often as they could contrive a spare half-day, with Martha now and then to lend a hand to the weeding, they might not only have many extras to set upon the table—only consider how much better the soup would be, with a variety of fresh-cut vegetables!—but it would become a sort of savings-bank for labor.

My plan was adopted, and we went to work. It is hard to say who were most delighted, madame and myself, or Isidore, Alphonse and Martha, as order and productiveness gradually took the place of chaotic rubbish. We found still surviving many valuable fruit trees and flowering shrubs with which the place had been planted in the days of its prosperity. Peaches, apricots, vines, figs and mulberries; roses, altheas, pomegranates, hydrangeas, and many other favorites of the olden time, were a valuable stock to find ready at hand, and only begging for the spade and the pruning-knife to come and help them. All these joint exertions made us very good friends together, and I became the family confidant, to whom family history and family projects might be entrusted, with the certainty of finding a sincere coadjutor. Madame revealed to me the cause of a secret sorrow, and I hit upon a scheme for removing it.

A literary task required me to visit Montoise, the capital town of the *Département de l'Est*, a short day's railway journey from the department in which Beaupre is situated. I took with me a letter of introduction to Monsieur Regnier, the editor and proprietor of the leading newspaper there. After a few days' intercourse, and a dinner (which I hold to be the very best way of cementing a new connection), M. Regnier had put me in the way of pursuing my researches, and I could talk to him unreservedly about other matters. So, without further preface, I observed, "General Delacroix resides at Montiose, I believe. Do you know him?"

"I know him well; he is an amiable old man, leading a quiet life, with few acquaintances and no relations. As is the case with many elderly people, his principal amusement is fictitious narrative. He studies the *feuilleton* of my paper most punctually. He must be getting into years."

"He is seventy-one next first of May."

"He has seen a good deal of service, too. Although, I believe, without a broken bone or a ball lodged in any part of his body, his person is



said to be covered with scars. He has several remarkable scars on his face."

"The most striking one," I answered, "is not a wound received in battle. I mean that across his left eyebrow. It was caused when a boy, by the kick of a vicious mare, which fractured the bone, and left him for several days in a most precarious state. He must have been inevitably killed, but for the courage of a younger sister, who pulled him back as he lay on the ground insensible, and gave the alarm."

"You seem to be better acquainted with his history than I am," said M. Regnier.

"I only know what has been told me."

"Would you like to be introduced to him? I can easily do it."

"No; not yet, at least. But I very much wish to see him. Then, if I like his looks, I have two favors to ask of you: first, to allow me to write a feuilleton in your newspaper, and then to inform me when it is likely to fall into his hands."

"With the greatest pleasure. We will now step to the Café Dagbert, where the General is sure to be at this moment; and then you can take your first survey, and lay the groundwork of whatever scheme you happen to be planning on the present occasion."

We entered. The General was reading the Journal du Département de l'Est attentively. M. Regnier approached, and saluted him.

"Good day, good day!" said the General frankly. "You know, M. Regnier, I do not pretend to be a critic, but I hardly think your feuilleton to-day so good as usual."

"Perhaps not, General; that may be remedied another time. I am expecting, in an early number, to give you a specimen of a new writer, who has lately volunteered his services."

"Ah! I shall be curious to see it. Pray give me a hint when it appears."

I had heard and seen enough; I was satisfied. Not only was the General as like Madame Fossette as it was possible for a brother to be like a sister, but his voice also rung with the clear metallic tenor tone which was familiar to my ears from the lips of her son. The scar, too, on the eyebrow, was exactly as described to me. I kept in the back-ground. We soon left the café, and departed our several ways. I sat down to my writing-table, and did not rise until the feuilleton was finished. It had been too long meditated, not to run off fluently. I hastened with the manuscript to the office of the Journal. M. Regnier translated it into French with equal rapidity. We corrected it between us, and it was at once put into the printer's hands.

"Now," said he, "all we have to do is to go to the Café Dagbert the day after to-morrow at three in the afternoon. My paper will be delivered there, soon after our arrival; and your little intrigue, whose object I think I now clearly see, and in which I heartily wish you success, will make the first step towards its *dénouement*."

We met punctually at the appointed time. M. Regnier introduced me to the General, as the English author who had written the feuilleton in the forthcoming number; I said it was merely a slight anecdote founded on fact. In the midst of further desultory small-talk, the light-heeled

Mercury of the office arrived. The paper was handed to the General at once, who opened it carefully, doubled back the upper portion, carelessly disregarding political news, leaders, and advertisements; adjusted his gold spectacles, and fixed his whole attention on the realms of romance. I watched him narrowly.

At first the only perceptible symptom of unusual emotion was the agitated and rapid way in which he drew his breath. Then, after the lapse of two or three minutes, he laid the paper down, uttering in an under-tone the single monosyllable "Strange!" and looking very hard, first at me and then at M. Regnier. He promptly resumed the paper, but soon stopped, saying, "The heat of the room has dimmed my glasses—I cannot see through them." He removed them, and it was visible that his eyes were suffused with tears. "Will you be kind enough to read it to me?" he asked, "and to begin at the beginning. I wish to hear the whole of the tale."

I took up the journal and said, "If you will excuse my English accent, I shall have great pleasure in reading the feuilleton as distinctly as I can. I repeat, it is nothing but a mere anecdote founded on fact."

The printed narrative ran as follows:

"In place of our usual Feuilleton to-day, we propose to give the simple relation of a happy event which has occurred to a respectable family in a distant department.

"Towards the close of the last century, a farmer and small landed proprietor of the name of Douriez resided at Belleclé. His family consisted of four sons and a daughter; Penelope, the girl, being three years younger than her elder brother. The eldest, Jerome Douriez, received a better education than the rest, owing to the accidental favor of the Curé, who believed that he had discovered a certain latent talent in his rustic pupil. The pursuits of all the younger brethren were entirely limited to the usual routine of a small French farm. Jerome, however, found time to impart a considerable amount of information to his sister, who, besides himself, was the only member of the family able to read and write. A jealous feeling was the consequence, on the part of the juniors, while the elders looked, contemptuously and even disapprovingly, on what they considered as little better than idleness and waste of time. When they saw him drawing circles and triangles on the dusty ground, which he had smoothed with the palm of his hand, they regarded him as an idiot who amused himself with the chance-crossings of sticks and straws. When they found that he devoted whole days to rambling from hill to plain, from forest to stream, mapping out the country on scraps of paper which he carried about with him for the purpose, they not unreasonably complained; telling him that he would be much better employed in ploughing in the colza or sowing the wheat.

"Jerome was both idle and indolent. By the former epithet, I denote his perpetually playing at soldiers with the village-boys, storming imaginary fortifications, and building temporary bridges over dry ditches and fordable brooks; by the second, his long-continued indulgence in undeveloped schemes and day-dreams, imagining a

future career utterly inconsistent with his present position. The estrangement of his family became more and more decided. He was treated as a burden and a good-for-nothing sluggard, of whom it was prophesied no good could come. It is a long lane which has no turning; and at last this uncomfortable state of things was stopped, in his eighteenth year, by a sudden summons to serve as a soldier. He left home with but one regret, and that was, that he must part from his sister, probably for ever. Early in the year eighteen hundred and one, Jerome bade adieu to his native village."

The General rocked in his chair uneasily, but we took no notice.

"Years passed away, and, as far as his family was concerned, Jerome might have been reckoned with the dead. He never wrote; why write to people who cannot read, and who parted from you in a way which makes you believe they would not care to read a letter from you if they could! Now and then, some trifling but significant token did reach Penelope by unexpected hands: for instance, one day there was delivered to her the half of an old story-book which she and her absent brother had often conned together in childhood. She kept these friendly intimations to herself, rejoicing in the thought that her favorite brother at least had escaped the dangers of war, was surviving, and had not forgotten her. Years, I say, passed away; the mother died, and was soon followed by one of the younger sons. Douriez, the father, had grown weak-minded, drivelling, and more miserly than ever. The two sons remained unmarried, and still resided under the paternal roof, working hard and faring frugally, to increase their goods more and more abundantly. Their farm was a sort of common storehouse, whose treasures, it was felt and understood, would pass to the lot of the last surviving member. It was a mass of unenjoyed wealth, without the least prospect of being better employed at any future time, except perhaps through Penelope's means, who was now fully recognized as the mistress of the household.

"In the year eighteen hundred and thirteen, a letter addressed to the elder Douriez arrived. Penelope was deputed to open and read it. It was from Jerome. It was short, straightforward, and not without affection. It stated that after so many years of absence and silence, he wished to see his relations again. That he had been harassed in mind and severely wounded in body, and that he would be glad to enjoy a little repose at home; indeed, both private and public circumstances made a short furlough indispensably necessary. That if they would send word at once to his temporary address that he would be welcome, he would visit them immediately; but that they must not delay their communication, if they wished it to reach him.

"A family consultation was held as to what course should be pursued. Should they again be burdened with an idle dependant, who would be more useless than ever, incapable of work, with military habits of smoking, drinking, and dissipation, to consume the produce of the farm,

and the dairy? If Jerome chose to present himself at their door as a broken-down beggar, claiming a crust of bread and a night's lodging, of course they could not drive him away; but, to invite him was quite a different matter. In vain Penelope pleaded her utmost. It was decided that no notice should be taken of Jerome's letter, and that events should be allowed to follow their own course.

"A few weeks afterwards, a disabled veteran returned to Belleclé. His first thought, after seeing his own friends, was to call on the Douriez family, and congratulate them—yes, congratulate them! on the honor which Jerome had shed on their name. What! Did they not know that he had risen to be a general, with fortune, and decorations, and high renown! And, as he was now fast recovering from his late dangerous wound, did they not know that there was no guessing what eminence he might reach. Even Marshal of France, perhaps!

"Jerome rich! Jerome powerful! Jerome high in favor with the Emperor! Oh! let us send word to him to come without delay! Penelope, you are the only writer amongst us. Write instantly; we will dictate."

"A letter was dictated, even more mean spirited and transparently interested than their previous silence. They even had the injustice and the cunning to make poor Penelope take upon herself the blame with which they alone were chargeable for the tardiness of their missive. It was despatched. At the end of a few anxious days, no answer. Another week; no answer. Another year; no answer. Forty long years; and no answer."

Here, I discontinued my reading, and looking at General Delacroix, insidiously said, "I should have done the very same thing myself. I never would have responded to the advances of people who had so heartlessly and cruelly cast me off, even though they were my own brother and sister, and the sole relations I had in the world."

"Would you not?" he thoughtfully returned. "I do not know whether I should, or not. But you are younger than I, and your passions have greater power over you. Men's resolutions change as they advance in years. Life is short, and anger should not be eternal. Please to go on, if you are not tired."

"Forty long years," I continued from my feuilleton, "is a longer space of time than people are in the habit of imagining. Douriez, senior, departed this life. One of his sons caught a fever, while too closely overlooking some laborers in the marshes; and he died too. The other heated himself in thrashing flax-seed; obstructed perspiration, and a whole week passed in an atmosphere loaded with dust, brought on inflammation of the lungs, which terminated in a rapid consumption. Both the young men had continued single; so Penelope remained inheritress of all. After a decent delay of eighteen months, she married a young farmer, between whom and herself there had long existed an intelligence of looks. He was not spared to her many years, and she was left a widow, with an only son.

I paused.

"Well," said the General, impatiently, "is that all? Or are we to have the continuation in the next number?"

"No. The whole is here. The rest is very soon told."

"The estrangement of the surviving brother and sister still continued. In fact, neither of the two knew whether the other were living or not, though each felt a secret yearning in the recesses of the heart. At length, Jerome happened to read, in one of our most popular novelists, a tale which strongly reminded him of his early youth, but the conclusion of which was more in accordance with the dictates of natural affection, than with the unyielding maintenance of displeasure that refused to be intreated. He remembered that no reconciliation could take place in the grave. He made cautious inquiries. He found that those of whom he had most right to complain, and whom he now began to pity for their narrowmindedness, were gone; that the sister whom he loved, was left, and had a worthy son, whom she loved too. He formed the bold resolution to swallow his long-cherished pride and anger, and to make the first step. He sought his sister; found her unchanged, except by years and sorrows; and saw at a glance that her child, his nephew, would stand him in the place of a son. The relatives met, to part no more. One roof covers them by night; around one table they daily assemble in cheerful thankfulness; and now, at their last hour they can, without hypocrisy, utter the prayer, 'Father, forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us!'

"And that, General," I said, laying down the paper, and assuming a sort of commercial-traveller's self-complacency, "that's my first attempt at a feuilleton." But my sprightliness met with no response.

"You say, sir, this little story is founded on fact?"

"I am acquainted with all the parties. Of course, the real names are not given."

"And Jerome, the elder brother, who rose in the army—do you know him?"

"Yes!"

He seemed disappointed at this answer.

He then observed, more as if talking to himself than addressing me, "I should much like to see how those people get on together."

"Nothing is easier;" I interposed. "I want to transact business with them to-morrow" [this was not strictly true though, for I had not yet taken all the notes I wanted at Montoise] "and I shall be very happy to take you with me in the character of a friend who wishes to join me in a short excursion."

"But the General—Jerome, as you call him? I wonder if I know him. Is he there too?"

"If he is not now, I have no doubt he will be there, by the time of our arrival."

I cut all further conversation as short as possible. It was agreed that General Delacroix should meet me at the railway station the following morning, at seven o'clock. M. Regnier excused himself from joining us, on the ground of the exigencies of his paper, and his publishing business. Strangely enough, the General never inquired whither I was going to take him. He seemed to be indulging in some visionary imaginations, from which he feared to be awakened by the least collision with fact. He kept the appointment with military exactness. I took both our tickets. He made no remark as to the length of our journey. He had never travelled by that line of railway, and it was only towards the close of our trip, that he was startled to observe towns whose public buildings were familiar to him.

We alighted. He took my arm, and I led him through lanes and across meadows, over whose features more than fifty years had thrown their veil. I opened a gate leading into a shrubbery of evergreens. A shady path led us to the garden-door of a mansion. I entered without knocking, and we soon stood in a spacious saloon, wherein were sitting a matron in company with a fine young man, her son, with his neat smiling wife, and two little children. Before they could recover their surprise at our entrance (my presence was too habitual to startle them) the General looked hard at the elder personage. I felt him tremble; he let go my arm, and advancing to my good friend Madame Fossette, embraced her long and lovingly, with no other uttered expressions than, "My sister!"

And this is how I happen to be visiting at the comfortable Château de Beaupré, this snowy twenty-seventh of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-three.

FINDING A WAY OUT.—Few of our cavalry officers would be stopped by a fence; but for this they are not indebted to what they learn in the riding-school, but to their being accustomed to ride across country. All foreign cavalry practice at the *leaping-bar*; yet their officers, when they meet with a wall or a gate, are *pounded*. I remember a very amusing instance of this. During some manœuvres in Italy, an Austrian general with his staff got amongst some enclosures, and, not wishing to ride back, sent some of his aid-camps to look for an outlet. They peered

over the stone wall, rode about, but could find no opening. An Englishman in the Imperial service, mounted on a good English horse, formed part of the staff, and the general, turning to him, said, "Mr. W—k, kindly see if you can find the way out of this place." Mr. W—k, a Yorkshireman and a good rider, went straight at the wall, cleared it, and whilst doing so, turned in his saddle, and, touching his cap, said, "This way, sir." I need not add, that *his way* did not quite suit the remainder of the party.—*Nolan's Cavalry Remount Horses.*

From The Athenæum.

*Autobiography of an Actress; or, Eight Years on the Stage.* By Anna Cora Mowatt. Boston, Ticknor & Co.

In the library of "Books by the ill-advised," female autobiography figures prominently; and some curious contributions to it have been made by unlucky actresses. The crazy memoirs of Charlotte Clarke, Colley Cibber's daughter, are known to many readers. Here and there, too, may be found a picker-up of eccentric books, who has looked into that half-brazen, half-rueful record in which Mrs. Sumbel—better recollected as "*Cowslip Wells*"—at once appeased the resentful wretchedness of her heart and "sent the bonnet" round, as debtors used to hang out a stocking from a gaol window in search of charity.—Mrs. Mowatt, besides being an actress, has written verse and prose—plays and novels—with some success. Her book, as might be expected, is less absurd in its composition than the "apology" of the vagabond first mentioned, who slapped her parent on the face with a fish when he arrived before her stall to remonstrate with her on the unfashionable calling selected by her in "one of her extraordinary hurries."—The American lady's confessions, again, are more orderly and graceful than those of *Cowslip's* tale. They do not contain any incident so startling as the conversion of Mrs. Wells to Judaism when she was in gaol, in order that she might secure a rich Jewish fellow prisoner for husband. Nevertheless,—unpalatable as such judgment will be,—Mrs. Mowatt's book reminds us of both the concoctions mentioned, both in its reserves and its utter absence of reserve,—in the manner in which everything that might be thought "inconvenient" has been gauzed and tinselled over,—in its unscrupulous dealings with the names of persons yet living and moving in the world,—and in the deliberate compliments to "my genius, my sweetness, my beauty, my simplicity, and my ingenuity," which it registers,—preparatory to its writer recommending a series of theatrical engagements. Such a butterfly production would hardly be worth breaking on the wheel of censure, did not Mrs. Mowatt pretend in it to preach a vindication of the theatrical profession from the pedestal on which she has set herself up. Now, the moral of her sermon—if moral it have—will be to increase the aversion of quiet people to her profession,—could that be proved to dispose its members when they are in retreat to such cool exposures of their charms and sufferings, as are here set forth. For the benefit, however, of those to whose ignorance of the stage-world Mrs. Mowatt appeals, it may be well to state that we do not accept her autobiography as the normal utterance of one of the accredited *Rosalinds* or *Desdemonas*. Most of the latter are glad to be as private as Mrs. Mowatt seems bent on being public—in private life. Her sentimental exhibition of her single, married and widowed sorrows and excellencies would, of itself, remove her from among the ranks of the artists, and place her with those book-manufacturers who are more personal than select.

Our autobiographer begins—like *Guinea*, in Mr. Jerrold's play—by dropping the date of her birth, while she specifies its place—Bordeaux—and the style and title of her parents. Her father is Samuel G. Ogden, (she says) a merchant, who happened to be residing in France when she was born; and the home of her youth is described to have been a faëry palace, such as Mrs. Radcliffe might have dressed out for a scene in '*A Romance of the Garonne*.' Here the Ogden children wrote verses to their parents on their birthdays, and acted plays at family festivals: Mrs. Ogden, their mother, declining to take a part, on "rigid" principles. When our heroine was seven years of age, the family removed to New York, and were shipwrecked on the way. Miss Ogden was sent to school, and began to "express her deeper feelings spontaneously in verse;"—but too shy to show her songs, she used to drop them up and down the house, in order that they might be found, or write them on the garden walls, where other Ogdens might see them. At school she was a real genius—"ungovernably gay,"—"learning with great rapidity" anything she fancied, except the multiplication table. She was a real heroine, too,—not only a wonderful *Alzire* in Voltaire's play, which she acted at home,—but a child so fascinating that she fascinated a legal gentleman, Mr. James Mowatt. He had originally fallen in love at Rockaway with the author's married sister Charlotte, "imagining her to be a youthful widow." "When this was made clear to the lady,—

she laughingly consoled him by saying, "O, I have plenty of young sisters at home, and one of them very much resembles me. Call upon me in New York, and I will make you acquainted with her."

—Accordingly, Mr. Mowatt came and saw Miss Anna Ogden play '*Alzire*'—was conquered—proposed for her—prescribed the finishing lessons which his beloved should take ere she left school,—and then, impatient, and alarmed at the prospect of so promising a creature being seen in society, succeeded in inducing her to make a stolen marriage. This seems to have been secret—after the fashion of *Ho Ff's* tea, in Mr. Sealy's story—which was curious, because it was no curiosity at all! Some of the Ogdens knew it beforehand, the rest were at once mollified;—every one, indeed, seems to have performed his part to a nicety.

After her marriage, Mrs. Mowatt continued her childish sports of trundling hoops and skipping with the rope. Mr. Mowatt kept her at her books, however, and she wrote down what she thought of "between ninety and a hundred volumes yearly." Mr. Mowatt, also, taught her the use of the gun, and she used to shoot swallows on the wing;—in her sporting costume anticipating Mrs. Bloomer's discoveries. She also wrote '*Pelayo*,' a poetical romance in five cantos. This she published with a preface,—which contained a bombastic threat that I would reply to any attacks made on the book,"—Byron's '*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*' running (she

thinks) in her head, and herself being quite ready to fit herself out as a *she*-Byron, and to lash her reviewers if they laughed at her verses. 'Pel-ayo,' however, turned out a failure; and it was not till Mrs. Mowatt made herself known as 'Cora' in the magazines that strangers began to look to her as 'somebody.' Ill health, however, interrupted her career at home, and a voyage to Europe had to be made. As regards this passage of Mrs. Mowatt's life, we need but mention that the extracts given from her journals are lively enough, as the following portrait will prove. Mr. Mowatt joined the travelling party, after a few months of separation. He was seriously ill in Paris, and—

resisted all persuasions to place himself in the hands of their family physician. His prejudices were in favor of homœopathy. Hahnemann was then residing in Paris, and if the new science could palm for the invalid's affection, we might seek it at the fountain head. Hahnemann, at that period, had become too feeble to visit his patients. He received them at his own residence. Mr. Mowatt being confined to his bed, the duty of calling upon the learned doctor, and of minutely describing the case, devolved upon me. It was scarcely nine o'clock when I entered Hahnemann's magnificent mansion; but his saloons were already crowded, and one o'clock struck before I gained an audience. A valet, in gaudy livery, who had taken my card some hours before, then approached, and informed me that I would now be received into the consultation chamber. I followed him through a succession of apartments, all richly furnished, and embellished with numberless busts of Hahnemann, of various sizes. A door was thrown open, and I entered the consultation room. At the head of a long table sat a lady, dressed in the most *recherche* demi-toilette, with a gold pen in her hand, and piles of books and papers strewn around her. She might have been forty years old; but I am no judge of ages. Her form was finely rounded, and her face still fresh and handsome. Her brow was remarkably high, and the hair, thrown back from her temples, fell in long, light curls upon her shoulders. Her complexion was brilliantly clear, and her blue eyes had a deeply thoughtful expression. She rose to receive me, and it was not until she resumed her seat that a shrivelled, little, old man became visible. He was reclining in a sumptuous arm-chair, with a black velvet skullcap on his head, and in his mouth a richly-enamelled pipe, that reached almost to his knees. His face reminded me of a ruddy apple that had been withered by the frost; but the small, dark eyes, deeply set in his head, could scarcely have glittered with more brilliancy in his lusty youth. As I took the seat which Mrs. Hahnemann designated, he noticed me with a look rather than a bow, and removing the pipe from his mouth, deliberately sent a volume of smoke across the table—probably in token of greeting. Mrs. Hahnemann addressed me, and wrote down my answers to her numerous questions; but at the conclusion of the interview declined prescribing until the invalid made the effort to appear in person. Hahnemann sat puffing away as though his existence depended upon the amount of smoke with which he was surrounded, and apparently intent alone upon his pleasant occupation. But when I spoke of our long visit to Germany, he suddenly took the pipe from his mouth. "Sprechen sie Deutsche?" were the first words which he addressed to me. I had only to utter "Ya wohl,"

when a species of Promethean fire seemed to shoot through the veins of the smoking automaton; he laid down his pipe, and commenced an animated conversation in his own language. He spoke of Germany and her institutions with enthusiasm; asked me many questions concerning America, and expressed his admiration of the few Americans with whom he was acquainted. As soon as politeness permitted, I led back the subject to the point from which we had originally started—Mr. Mowatt's illness in Germany. At the first medical question, the pipe returned to its former position, the expanded countenance shrivelled up again, the distended muscles relaxed, the erect form sank back into a withered heap, and was quickly enveloped in smoke—he was the wearied-out old man again. Mrs. Hahnemann answered my question with much suavity, and then gracefully rose. This was her signal of dismissal. I promised to return with the patient as soon as possible. She touched a silver bell, the door was thrown open, and the liveried valet escorted me to my carriage.

While in Paris, Mrs. Mowatt wrote a play, "Gulzara," for private use, which possessed the advantage of Hannah More's 'Search after Happiness,'—namely, that it could be acted by ladies having scruples, without any interference of "the men." "The scenery was painted by Parisian artists under my direction," adds she, "and some of the principal dresses were made 'by Parisian costumers.'" When Mrs. Mowatt got home, "Gulzara" was acted duly—subsequently published—and greeted with "*couleur de rose*" criticisms: describing its writer as "lovely and accomplished."—Mr. Mowatt was ruined. Mrs. Mowatt instantly resolved on giving public readings,—for "the idea of becoming a professional actress was revolting."—No sooner said than done. Mrs. Mowatt read at Boston, and was wondrously successful:—

A spirit of chivalry towards a countrywoman evidently existed among the gentlemen. Mr. W—e's characteristic remark on the subject was, "There is not a man in the temple that would n't fight for you!" The critics dealt with me tenderly, as with a spoiled child whom Boston had suddenly adopted, and was determined to protect. The papers teemed with notices; but they were eulogiums, not critiques. By common consent, it seemed to be decided that I was to be exempt from criticism.

Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, a minor American poetess, addressed a copy of verses to "our graceful, modest Cora," dwelling on—

The loveliest hair of gold  
That ever woman braided, etc., etc.

—which verses are here gracefully and modestly reprinted!

Nor were these the only treasures of nature and grace which Time and Trial developed in Mrs. Mowatt. An illness brought out in her mesmeric and somnambulant faculties, of a depth, wonder and purity such as have been awarded to few women. What she knows she knows;—and, having enjoyed "far ampler and more extraordinary experiences than any which Miss Martineau, according to her own showing, has



either experienced herself or witnessed in others,"—she roundly rates Miss Martineau and Mr. Atkinson with all manner of angry epithets, as the mischievous and ridiculous folk who have "stolen the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in." A page or two later, we are favored with a triumphant confession of Mrs. Mowatt's own religious faith. She became a Swedenborgian in spite of Dr. Channing's cautious insinuation that she did not understand much about it. She made Mr. Mowatt a Swedenborgian also, and such a staunch member did she continue of the New Church, that, during the general mourning ordained for Queen Adelaide, she refused to appear on the Olympic stage in black (because the Swedenborgians object to mourning on principle), and stood forward as a martyr to the true faith, "in white crape, without ornaments."

Having spoken of Mrs. Mowatt as an actress who is "her own Barnum," we were bound to prove the character by allowing the tunes of "cymbal and gong," as struck by herself, to be sufficiently heard. To follow her Memoirs minutely to the end is not needful. A point or two more, however, may be dwelt on. For a time, before taking to the stage in earnest, she drove a brisk trade as an authoress,—wrote all manner of novels (some of which we have formerly spoken of as clever in their haggard, worldly way), magazine articles, and other productions:—

I also prepared for the press a number of works, the copyrights of which were purchased by Messrs. Burgess & Stringer. The were principally compilations, with as much or as little original matter as was found necessary—book cement, to make the odd fragments adhere together. The subjects of these books were not of my own choosing—I wrote to order, for profit, and to supply the demands of the public. In this manner were produced House-keeping made Easy (the name of Mrs. Ellis was not affixed by me), Book of the Toilet, Cookery for the Sick, Book of Embroidery, Knitting, Netting, and Crochet, Etiquette for Ladies, Ball room Etiquette, Etiquette of Matrimony, and similar publications, the very names of which I cannot now remember. These books, especially the first, proved very profitable, so much so, that Mr. Mowatt concluded he would derive greater benefit by publishing the works I compiled himself than by selling the copyright to other publishers. He accordingly established a firm, and his books were supplied chiefly by me. The success of the undertaking was of brief duration.

It is curious to find one who speaks so coolly of "book cement" and of the late Mr. Mowatt's shop,—in the very next page so hot against the Cincinnati publisher who pirated one of her books! The original plays of "Fashion" and "Armand" succeeded to these cement tasks,—and by these, as by "a bridge of flowers" (to adopt the sugared style of their writer), Mrs. Mowatt glided gracefully on to the stage, which (she reminds us) she adorned so charmingly.

The remaining portion of this strange volume is devoted to Mrs. Mowatt's theatrical history,—including, of course, her career in London, so fearfully cut short by that well-remembered tragedy at the Olympic Theatre, which scattered the performers hither and thither, and closed the management of Mr. Watts. We have stated that Mrs. Mowatt is unscrupulous in bringing

the words and the deeds of living persons whom she has known to market:—and all will agree with us, who here read, how Mr. Mowatt primed Mrs. Howitt with facts concerning Mrs. Mowatt's American charities, to be published, memoir-wise, in the *People's Journal*, which facts Mrs. Mowatt now herself reclaims from Mrs. Howitt's sketch. Other of her entries concerning critics and their praises are yet more questionable. We will take a passage relating to a professional transaction,—a scene before the *début* of Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport at the Princess's Theatre:—

Miss Susan Cushman was to enact the character of Helen. She sent an apology for her absence at rehearsal on the plea of indisposition. The manager chose to imagine that she entertained some theatrical jealousy towards a country woman, and purposed to absent herself on the night of our first appearance. No substitute for so important a part as Helen could be provided at short notice, and the play would necessarily have to be withdrawn—the anticipated *début* postponed. I see no reason for supposing that Miss Cushman meditated any such unamiable intentions as were attributed to her by the manager. We were very slightly acquainted, but our intercourse had been agreeable. Miss Cushman's name was unceremoniously expunged from the "cast;" and Miss Emmeline Montague, the leading lady of the theatre, was persuaded by Mr. Maddox to undertake the *role* of Helen. At the last rehearsal (for we had several), just as Miss Montague commenced rehearsing, Miss Susan Cushman walked upon the stage. She inquired by what right the character belonging to her was given to another lady. The manager, who was not celebrated for a conciliatory demeanor towards his company, bluntly informed her of his suspicions. An angry scene ensued, such as I never before, and I rejoice to say *never after*, witnessed in any theatre. Rehearsal was interrupted. I sat down at the prompter's table in a most unenviable state of mind. The actors stood in clusters around the wings, enjoying the dispute. Miss Cushman and Mr. Maddox occupied the stage. A casual spectator might have supposed they were rehearsing some tempestuous passages of a melo-drama. Miss Cushman declared that she *would* play Helen, for that she had done nothing to forfeit her right to the performance. Mr. Maddox maintained that the part should be played by Miss Montague. Miss Cushman was very naturally exasperated. I remained silent, but internally wishing that the disputants might suddenly disappear through some of the trap-doors that checked the stage, and were devoted to the use of fairies and hobgoblins. Finally, Mr. Maddox ordered that the stage should be cleared and rehearsal continued. Miss Cushman was forced to retire. Just as she reached the wing, she turned back and offered me her hand. I gave her mine—she departed, and rehearsal proceeded.

No more, we think, is needed. For the details of the late Mr. Mowatt's illness and death—for the brilliant Christmas home-performance of "Gulzara," when his relict got back to America—for the story of her present illness and her future intentions,—persons curious in curious literature are hereby referred to her "Autobiography." It is the tone of the book, let us repeat, that has made so lengthy an examination of its contents as the above necessary. No real country has yielded anything more personal—no mimic scene any "apology" more theatrical, than this volume of confessions.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## 'LES FEMMES.' \*

It is generally allowed that the French are masters in the art of theorizing; that they are adepts in logic; and that their language is singularly adapted for conveying ideas with clearness and precision to the mind. But there is one subject on which even Frenchmen have shown by the many defeats they have sustained, that it is impossible to found a theory which will stand the test of experience. It is a subject that sets at naught all the rules of logic, all the laws of metaphysics; that presents itself under as many aspects as the chameleon, and leaves the mind ever in doubt which is its true one; a problem far beyond the reach of the highest intellect, but which every man, at some time or other of his life, attempts to solve. Need we say that we refer to Woman; to that sex which, like the Sphinx, is continually proposing new enigmas for our solution, but, unlike the Sphinx, never runs the risk of self-destruction through our discovery of them.

Alphonse Karr, whose little work on this subject we propose to bring before the notice of our readers, wisely sets out by saying that it is not his intention to write a treatise upon women, or to prove anything respecting them; all he means to do is to tell us what has fallen under his own observation, or what he has heard about them from trustworthy sources. Like a *preux chevalier*, he assures the ladies that if ever he should be tempted into addressing them with a little bitterness, it will only be when he sees them adopting some ridiculous fashion or habit which may expose them to the chance of losing some infinitesimal portion of their empire over us. He entreats them to bear in mind that, should he even subject them to unjust reproaches, they must recollect those who love them the most in private are often their greatest detractors in public; and that the invectives launched against them are often only so many proofs of their power. But we must confess M. Karr takes more apparent pleasure, than it seems to us the reasons he has adduced will account for, in summing up the hard hits given to the weaker sex by men of all ages, countries, and shades of opinion. Yet it is strange that, even whilst writing this, we too, cannot help adding, from our own recollection, some few other instances of the same description; thus, when M. Karr reminds us that Socrates averred it would be more tolerable to live with a dragon than a woman, we recall to recollection that Plato rejoiced he was not born a woman; when he tells us that Mahomet excluded women from the Paradise into which he admitted sheep, whales, ants, and parrots, we remember that a Hindoo is never allowed to speak her husband's name, either during his life or after his death; and when M. Karr says he has read that Seneca vowed the only thing which made virtue probable in a woman was her ugliness, we recollect Thucydides asserted the best woman to be she of whom least could be said, either good or bad. If we come down to later

times, the matter is not much mended; for example, M. Karr quotes Montaigne's saying, that good women are not to be counted by dozens; and we believe Swift considered women to be only a little higher than the monkeys. Lastly, we are told in a French epigram:—

A son réveil, d'Eden, le premier hôte,  
A ses côtés en place de sa côte;  
Vit 'la chair de son chair, et les os de ses os,  
Et son premier sommeil fut son dernier repos.

For the benefit of the few of our readers who may not understand French, we will venture upon a free translation:—

When Adam waking, first his lids unfolds  
In Eden's groves, beside him he beholds  
Bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and knows  
His earliest sleep has proved his last repose.

But we fear we have already condemned ourselves utterly in the opinion of those whose pleasure and edification we wish to keep specially in view; therefore, to justify ourselves, before dismissing this portion of our subject, we will quote the judgment passed upon women by one of their own sex, and they will surely allow that nothing we have cited is half so severe. 'Do you wish,' says Madame Necker, 'to spread an opinion, address yourself to women; they will easily accept it because they are ignorant; they will spread it quickly abroad, because they love to talk; they will long uphold it because they are obstinate.'

What result, we would ask, has been produced by this conspiracy against women? According to M. Karr it has only caused one bad effect, that of sometimes disgusting them with their sex, and making them affect to borrow our ideas and sentiments, nay, even at times to adopt parts of our dress. Thus they are induced to spoil their otherwise elegant riding costume by crowning it with a hat, the ugliest portion of our attire; and to show them the folly of thus joining together what ought to be kept asunder, M. Karr very pertinently asks, what these ladies would think, if they were to meet a gentleman trotting on horseback in the Bois de Boulogne, dressed in hunting costume and a transparent bonnet trimmed with feathers and flowers.

A poet has told us of beauty, that it is

When unadorned, adorned the most,

still it may have accessories which heighten and give a zest to it, and amongst the most important of these is dress. We approach the subject with diffidence and fear, for however deeply men may be sensible of the influence of dress; however acute in distinguishing the difference between good and bad taste, yet whenever they come to speak of it in detail, they are sure to fall into some egregious error, through their ignorance of the technical terms of the science. However, we will throw ourselves on the prover-

\* "Les Femmes. Par Alphonse Karr. Paris. 1863.

bial kindness of our friends, in the hope that they will not punish the mistakes we shall be sure to make with anything more severe than a smile. First, then, it may interest our readers to know that it was not until the period of the Great Revolution they began to import their fashions from France. From the Norman conquest down to the seventeenth century, the care of our countrywomen had chiefly been to dress in such a manner as best suited each individual. The figure was studied with peculiar attention, and the gown most commonly worn somewhat resembled the riding habits in use a few years since. Vandyke was the first person who produced any radical change in costume, there being so much elegance in his draperies, all the ladies of fashion took his pictures for their model. No particular costume was, however, even then adopted; every lady dressed as she pleased until the Revolution, when the Parisian women undertook to set the fashions to English females. Their importations could scarcely be considered improvements, for they not only elevated the head by placing upon it a fabric of extraordinary height, which was built up in all sorts of ways (old shoes have sometimes been known to form part of the superstructure), but they invented shoes which raised the wearer at least six inches from the ground. English ladies vied with the French in rising to a higher and higher stature, until peace was proclaimed, when, by mutual consent, they shrank down, like turkeys when danger is past, to their natural height. From this period until the reign of Queen Anne, things proceeded quietly in the realm of fashion, and then another revolution ensued. The Parisian ladies once more set their wits to work, and the result was, that wonderful machine, the hoop petticoat; which measured no less than seven yards in circumference. This machine they sent over to the coast of Sussex by a smuggler, with the intent to have it seized, and to render the pattern general by the notoriety it would gain. The stratagem succeeded: the English ladies adopted it at once, and even improved, or rather added, to the monstrosity, by increasing its circumference to nine yards. The hoop was laid aside in France long before its disuse became general in England. The next fashion sent over from Paris was the *robe de chambre*, styled in England a sack; and with it was imported a head-dress, which enveloped and almost hid the face; with good reason, if the cause assigned for the invention of the sack be the true one. The *robe de chambre* had not been long worn before some French friars, exposing the secret of its adoption, began to exclaim against it. A conference was accordingly held, which ended in the Parisian ladies being forced to capitulate. They then proposed to wear the dress called a Capuchin, slyly persuading the monks that it was out of compliment to them they had fixed upon a dress belonging to a religious order. It is said English ladies found this Capuchin, or cloak, a very convenient style of dress, on account of the hood behind serving as a receptacle for billets-doux, and thus saving the lady a blush in accepting, and the gentleman a rebuke for presenting them. The last article of dress we shall mention as

coming to us by way of France, is the negligé, invented to hide personal deformities of the back. Since then the varieties of fashion have been so numerous, that it would be a vain attempt to follow them. At the present day, the expense and richness of a material appear to be the things which chiefly direct our ladies in the choice of their dress. They appear quite to forget that their main object ought to be to select only what will best suit their individual style, both as regards material and shape. But for this taste is required; an article less in demand, and less at command also, than money.

Again, as long as that mysterious "every one" (better conveyed, perhaps, by the French *on*) exercises such a tyrannical influence over women, they will never be able to study the rules of the beautiful in dress. Let us quote a passage from M. Karr, which bears upon this point:—

Every one wears flounced gowns, every one has five tucks on the skirt, no one has less; if every one wears short waists, of course I must too. But what do you mean by "every one?" All the world. But do you not make part of all the world? Yes; but every one does not consult me. Who is it then that invents fashions? Women, of course. Who are they that follow the fashions? All the rest. Well, that shows the rest are all very humble thus to submit to the decisions of a few. Listen to a woman, and she will tell you she wears nothing but what she is obliged to wear, because every one else does the same; but question each one of these tyrants in particular, and you will see the same submission, the same self-sacrifice. But if fashions are invented by women, why do you not each invent for yourselves, since you may be quite sure that a fashion invented by any other woman has always in view the concealment of some defect which she has, or of some beauty which you possess?

We are, however, quite willing to allow that the present style of dress is much more reasonable, and assimilates itself better to the figure than any which has been in fashion for many years past. Still there are some changes which, in our humble opinion, might be made with advantage. For instance, why should the ample skirts, which fall in such graceful folds to the ground, be pulled or gathered in (we believe these are the technical terms), in all their width round the waist, instead of being gradually sloped upwards, so as to suit the figure. Under the present plan, the immense additional size given to the hips is something quite unnatural; and we think M. Karr is right in saying, that if any woman of taste, on undressing at night, were to discover she was really formed as she appears to be during the day, she would be found the next morning drowned in her tears. Why, too, should not the long skirts, that certainly look elegant in a drawing-room, be provided with means for shortening them when worn out of doors. Could this be arranged, we should then be saved the discomfort of being enveloped in a cloud of dust worse than a simoom, when walking by the side of our fair companions, though we might, perhaps, be sorry to lose the pretty wavy pattern their dresses leave upon the pavement. We should be spared, too, all painful doubts as to the love entertained by our ladies

for that quality which is akin to godliness, caused by seeing them defy, alike, the consequences to themselves and others of dust and mud, rather than avoid both by lifting their skirts an inch above the ground. As to the bonnets in vogue, we dare scarcely touch on them, though we will venture to express the charitable hope that our ladies have more in their heads than upon them at present. If, however, bonnets have shrunk into microscopical dimensions, it is not the same with the hair, which every lady now displays. How such a surprising increase in the quantity has been attained, we do not pretend to know; nor would we attempt to explain how it is that a lady who, when we pay her a morning call, seems scarcely to have enough hair for the most modest coiffure, suddenly dazzles us in the evening with such an astonishing exuberance of plaits and bands, that we have really wondered how her head could bear the weight. M. Karr, however, tells us he has had it from a celebrated coiffeur (eternal shame be to him for thus betraying the mysteries of the toilette), that some of his ladies wear from seven to eight "*perruques*," — that is to say, seven pieces of false hair mixed in with their own. This may be the practice in France, but we cannot readily believe an English woman would allow herself to indulge in such a piece of deception, and though we have been told that the best test of a lady's temper is slyly to take the comb out of her "back hair," we would much rather believe that any anger which might ensue would be owing more to the rudeness of the action, than to any little discoveries it might entail. Should false hair, however, be worn, even here in England, the custom perhaps may be sanctioned by its antiquity; for the fashion of wearing it was not unknown to the Roman ladies, who even went so far as to dress it in imitation of a military helmet; they were fond also of using other deceptions with regard to their hair: now staining it with a yellow dye, to give it a flaxen color; now powdering it with gold-dust, to render it more resplendent. In Spain, a golden-tinge of hair was so greatly esteemed, that in order to attain it, ladies would rub it with sulphur, steep it in aquafortis, and expose it to the sun at the hottest time of the day. When false hair was first introduced, however, it was to conceal baldness; but soon afterwards it was worn by persons who had not the slightest occasion for it, as is said to be the case at the present day. At one period, the wearing false hair was considered so indispensable, that those hair-dressers were the most esteemed who could dress the natural hair so as to give it the appearance of a wig. In the Harleian collection, there is an advertisement which dates about the reign of Queen Anne, and in which a hairdresser professes to cut and curl not only ladies' but boys' hair "after so fine a manner that you shall not know it to be their own hair." We have not yet arrived at this pitch of extravagance, but there is no knowing where fashion may not lead its votaries. Not only the style of dressing ladies' hair, but also the person by whom it was to be dressed, has always been a matter of great importance, and no wonder, for to touch a lady's locks is a lady's highest privilege. So important a matter,

indeed, was it once considered, that it formed the subject of a lawsuit between the *coiffeurs des dames* of Paris and the corporation of master-barbers, which was tried before the highest court of judicature at Paris, in 1759. The master-barbers contended that it was the exclusive privilege of those who dressed both sexes to dress the ladies' hair, while the coiffeurs argued that the privilege was in their favor, because the dressing of ladies' hair is a "liberal art," and foreign to the profession of master-barbers. The coiffeurs gained the cause, the ladies having enlisted themselves warmly on their side. This important trial long formed the prevailing topic of conversation amongst the Parisians; the court was crowded by a most brilliant assemblage, and the decision was received with the liveliest demonstrations of applause.

But it is time we should gratify our readers with some of M. Karr's remarks on the subject we have so long been discussing.

Dress (he says) is the great business of all women, and the fixed idea of some. Thus every event in their lives has a change of dress for its result, and often for its cause. In this way gowns divide a woman's existence into an infinite number of eras and hegiras. "Such a thing happened at the time when I had my purple velvet dress: such another, when I bought my pink satin." To mark important events more precisely, you hear, "The first time he saw me I was dressed in blue." When girls do not marry solely for the purpose of putting on the wedding costume, you may still be certain that it does, in some degree, influence their minds. Mr. — never would have been accepted, if his wife had thought only of him; but a veil and orange-flower wreath, which suits a bride so well, cannot be worn, excepting on the wedding-day, and, in order to marry, a husband is required: so he is taken as an accessory, just in the same way as carriages are hired. Many would very likely prefer to be married without a husband, but that is not the custom.

Now, do not look so indignant, dear lady, nor toss down *Fraser* in disgust; recollect Mr. Karr is speaking of French women, not of English ladies. You never marry for the sake of an establishment, or because you are tired of home, or because you do not like to be last roses of summer left blooming alone, all your lovely companions married and gone, or because you would like to have a box at the opera, or to keep a carriage, and see a great deal of "carriage company," or because you are ambitious of a title, or of any of the vain pomps and vanities of this wicked world. No, my dear countrywomen, you always remember that marriage is the most serious, as it may be the happiest state on which you can enter; you never marry, except from the purest motives; as to thinking of taking a white *moire antique* and a Brussels veil, nothing so paltry ever once comes across your minds; you never marry except from the most exalted affection, the most earnest desire so to fulfil the sacred duties you are about to take upon yourselves, that you may indeed prove the helpmeets you were intended to be. And amongst high principled English women, who has ever heard of, much less seen, a young girl marrying, selling

herself would be the more correct term, to a decrepit old man, simply because he is rich, and has a title? Yet M. Karr assures us such things do take place in France. He tells, us moreover, that no one pities these poor girls: on the contrary, they are congratulated by all their relatives, and envied by all their unmarried companions; he even says he has ceased to pity them himself, on finding that, instead of being wretched, they are proud of and delighted with their fate. No one either thinks of despising them; that feeling is reserved for those who less deserve it. Well may M. Karr exclaim that after having witnessed such a spectacle, he has loved the whole sex less—for a week's time; well may he say that a single fact of this nature dishonors all women, because it shows that such a thing is possible.

Now that we have proved to the satisfaction of our readers, that French and English women have such entirely different views on the subject of marriage, we should like to know whether dress ever enters into the thoughts of our countrywomen, as connected with the loss of friends. It evidently does so in France, as will best be proved by a little sample of a visit of condolence, with which M. Karr furnishes us. We will, therefore, proceed to quote it, leaving it to the conscience of our countrywomen to decide whether or not it is in the least applicable to them:—

Madame has just lost a relative; her grief is profound, but it will soon be alleviated, by the necessity of providing mourning. 'What is most worn this year? What is the most fashionable kind of mourning?' The milliner must be visited, the dressmaker and the drapers; this is done with less scruple, now that shops have been opened for the sale of articles of mourning alone. All sorrow quickly disappears beneath the load of cares about dress; the only anxiety is whether the bonnet should be too small or the gown too short. But it is seldom an accident of this kind happens. When properly attired Madame goes to make a call upon a friend. She says, 'I hear you have lost your cousin; it must have been a terrible shock to you. . . . What a lovely bonnet you have on. . . .'

She was quite young, I believe. . . . Do you still continue to employ Mrs. —?' 'Yes, she has been my milliner for the last three years.'

'Nothing could possibly suit you better. . . . I feel deeply for your sorrow.'

'I loved her like a sister. She has left a dreadful void in my life. . . . How do you like the material of my dress?'

'It is beautiful. Where did you buy it?'

'At the Sarcophagus. . . . She has left two poor little children!'

And Madame's friend begins to feel a little envious: she would willingly lose a relation, so that she might be able to wear such a charming bonnet; and she says to herself, 'the first time I have to go into mourning I will buy my dresses at the Sarcophagus,' and then she passes all her relations in review to see whether there is any one amongst them old enough or ill enough to give her any reasonable hope she may soon possess such a beautiful gown.

Just in the same way every event, every fresh alliance, every friendship, serves as a pretext for a new dress; a friend gives a ball—a new gown; she marries—a new gown; she dies—a new gown; and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Now we do not wish to be always bringing our countrywomen to the confessional, so we will not ask them what they think of this extract; and will only just mention, that when a young friend of ours told us the other day of her brother's approaching marriage, the sole comment she made was,—'So I shall be obliged to get a new pink bonnet, and that's very provoking, just as winter is coming on.'

Apropos to mourning, M. Karr dwells upon it at length in another portion of his little work, and the passage is such an excellent one, that we are sure our readers will forgive us for extracting it in full. Here it is:—

One of the things on which our sex has always prided itself in France is the beauty of the leg. Now I shall suppose that all the bow legs, the crooked, the spindle shanked, etc. met in council and decided it was perfectly useless to exhibit legs which were faulty in any respect, and thus to augment by a humiliating comparison, the triumph of those to whom Nature had shown herself more gracious. In consequence of this, knee breeches and silk stockings were discarded, and trowsers were invented. But by enclosing deformed and shapeless legs alone in these cloth cases, the end was not secured, for the badly formed legs, on counting themselves, found they were in an immense majority; they therefore promulgated a law, that henceforth all knee-breeches should be considered absurd. By this means the majority had both their own bad legs, and the handsome legs of the minority.

This is a procedure employed very frequently in society.

We find it in the practices and customs adopted to show our grief on the loss of persons, whom we love, or whom it is supposed to be our duty to love.

To judge by these customs, we should be tempted to believe that it has been necessary to give to grief, either permitted or proper, general, and common limits, beyond which all manifestations shall be declared to be in bad taste. It has been equally agreed upon, that those who shall scrupulously observe certain simple and easy practices, shall be considered to experience a sufficient degree of grief. Thus, it is proper for a woman to mourn her husband a year and six weeks [a man only mourns his wife six months],—that is to say, the widow on the morning of the 471st day [and the widower on the dawn of the 181st] awakes in a gay and cheerful mood.

Grief divides itself into several periods, in the case of widows.

1st period.—Despair, six weeks. This period is known by a black paramatta dress, crape collar and cuffs, and the disappearance of the hair beneath the widow's cap.

2d period.—Profound grief. Despondency, six weeks. Profound grief is recognized by the dress, which still continues to be of paramatta, and the despondency which succeeds to despair is symbolized by the white crape collar and cuffs.

3d period.—Grief softened by the consolations of friends, and the hope soon to rejoin the regretted object of her affections in a better world. These melancholy sentiments last six months; they are expressed by a black silk dress; the widow's cap is still worn.

4th period.—Time heals the wounds of the heart. Providence tempers the east wind to the shorn lamb. Violent attacks of grief only come on at rare intervals. Sometimes the widow seems as though she had forgotten her loss, but all at once, a circumstance, apparently indifferent, recalls it,



and she falls back into grief. Yet she dwells from time to time upon the faults of the beloved, but it is only to contrast them with his dazzling virtues. This period would be tiresome enough for the world at large, therefore it has been decided to express it simply by half mourning.

6th period.—There is now only a softened melancholy, which will last all her life,—i. e., six weeks. This touching and graceful sentiment shows itself by a quiet gray silk dress: the sufferer less feels the loss than the actual deprivations of a husband.

When any lady loses her husband, it is requisite either to pay her a visit of condolence, or to address a letter to her. It is customary in these cases to make use of such language as admits the probability of the greatest possible grief, that of Artemisia, for example. Fontenelle, however, thought proper to send a blank letter to a young friend of his who had lost an old husband, saying he would fill it up three months afterwards. When he did so he began, 'Madame, I congratulate you.' But this is quite contrary to custom. Therefore, when a widow loses an old avicious husband, from whom she inherits a large fortune, you ought not the less to intreat her not to give herself up to despair, and take care to look as though you believed it was law and custom alone which prevented her from burying herself with him.

We have slightly modified the latter part of M. Karr's observations, and we have entirely left out his remarks on widowers, because we deem them utterly inapplicable to our countrymen. We should, however, be doing the author an injustice if we omitted to give the beautiful passage with which he concludes the subject:—

As to those who really grieve over their relations, they will do well not to annoy the world by the signs of a real grief; they will do well to wear their sorrow within, as they do when mourning over friends—those relations made by the heart. And if you should meet with any such, do not address to them conventional consolations, for there is a portion of themselves which they have buried with their dead. Their only consolation is the hope that they shall never be able to console themselves; that is to say, never to forget, never to see those die in their heart whom they have already seen die in the flesh. Show these afflicted ones that they have not lost all, and show them your love is still left them. But all this is not the fashion.

Among the many insoluble problems with which the fair puzzles of creation often astonish us, is their power of performing two mental operations, quite distinct in their nature, at one and the same time; and we would defy the most acute observer to discover that they are not concentrating their attention entirely on one subject. Our sex can certainly manage to keep two of their senses—sometimes more—in lively exercise, but who amongst us could simultaneously solve a mathematical problem, and compose an epic poem, or observe a transit of Venus, and at the same time commit to memory an ode of Horace? Yet women can boast this astonishing power, and they will pardon us if we add that we cannot help sometimes regretting they should not turn it to better account. M. Karr will supply us with an instance of the way in which this surprising faculty often manifests itself; and we are

sure that there is no one who will not admit its truth:—

I am often struck (he says) with the power of memory exhibited by ladies who go to church regularly on Sundays and week-days. Is it not, indeed, something superhuman which enables a woman, after she has passed an hour and a half in church without ever lifting her eyes from her prayer-book, or letting them wander from the preacher, to describe to you the toilette of every lady in church, without omitting the smallest details? She will not forget either their gloves or their collars; she will never give to one lady the lace or the ornaments of another. Not only does this require great perfection in the powers of memory, but a singular and phenomenal development of the sight, for the ladies who sit at her right or her left hand, or behind her, will not be omitted any more than those who sit before her. She will have seen them all, she will have remarked all the details of their attire, even those which are the most insignificant in appearance, without having been once caught turning her head, and without having exhibited a sign of being engaged with anything but her prayers.

We must beg to dissent from M. Karr in looking upon this extraordinary phenomenon as attributable to an extension of the power of memory. We believe that a far higher power is called into exercise—a faculty hitherto peculiar to women: another sense in addition to those we possess, a species of natural clairvoyance which might, if properly trained, be productive of most important results. We said we could not help regretting that those to whom this faculty has been committed should not turn it to better account, but we almost feel inclined to retract our wish, for fearful might be the consequences which it would entail upon ourselves. Perhaps it is this power of attending to two things at once, when to all appearance they are engaged with but one, which adds to the difficulty we have in understanding women, of knowing what they would be at, as the saying is. For after we have spent hours in weighing every word they have addressed to us, after we have recalled every gesture, every look, till at last we have imagined we have quite discovered their meaning, we find, on returning to the subject, that every word, every gesture, may be interpreted quite differently; and like M. Karr, we are forced to exclaim, "They either meant that, or something just the reverse!"

If Albert Smith, in his next account of the ascent of Mont Blanc, would manage to introduce such a sermon against "morning-calls" as he did last year against crotchet-work, that resource, as he rightly termed it, of idiotic idleness, we should look upon him in the light of a true benefactor of man and womankind. There has always been something exceedingly mysterious to us about this female observance; it is a rite which all exclaim against, but which, nevertheless, all are most careful to perform at certain stated periods, which we believe are strictly laid down. When one of these periods arrives, the female worshipper sets out attired in her best, with card-case in hand, which card-case she says she devoutly hopes may be empty by the time

she has finished her "round." For, according to her, there is nothing she fears so much as to find any of her friends "at home." We have often wondered that if such be the case, a servant should not be sent to leave his mistress's cards at the houses of her various acquaintances, and so save her the trouble of dressing and the annoyance of finding any of her friends too scrupulous to say "Not at home;" for we understand that those called upon have as much dislike to receiving visitors as to making visits. But for some inscrutable cause or other, it seems that the rite must be performed in person, when some such little scene as the following, which has been depicted in a most lively way by M. Karr, is sure to take place—at least, in France:

*Cidalise.* How kind it is in you to come and see me—it is an age since you have been here. What a pretty bonnet that is of yours!

*Araminta.* Do you really think so?

*Cidalise.* It is in perfect taste. There is no one but you who understands how to dress.

*Araminta.* You look lovely this morning, and that morning gown becomes you exquisitely. I have just been to call on Arsinoe. She was a perfect fright.

*Cidalise.* How can any dress look well on such a figure? Ah, what a charming mantle that is. Who made it?

*Araminta.* Madame —; and Phyllis? how do you get on with her?

*Cidalise.* Oh, I don't trouble myself about her. She hasn't got two ideas in her head. Besides—but you know the story about her.

*Araminta.* Yes. You mean about Mr. —?

*Cidalise.* I was very near forbidding her the house. What! going already?

*Araminta.* Yes, I have a good deal of shopping to do.

*Cidalise.* Don't be so long again in coming to see me, and don't be in such a hurry another time.

A little while after Araminta has taken her leave and gone to make another call, where she will say that Cidalise is as yellow as an orange, and that her morning costume is really a little too . . . . . Phyllis and Arsinoe are admitted.

*Cidalise.* Ah, how kind it is of you to come and see me. It is an age since you called. What a sweet veil you have on, Arsinoe, and you, Phyllis, I never saw any one wear such exquisite gloves. But it's no wonder with such hands. By the bye, Araminta has just left me.

*Arsinoe.* Ah!—she told me she did not call upon you now.

*Cidalise.* Really! Well, that will very likely happen some day or other. She is very much deceived if she thinks no notice is taken of her walks in the Bois de Boulogne with Mr. —.

*Phyllis.* It is really too bad.

*Cidalise.* She had on such an odious bonnet, and she stopped such a time, I thought she was intending to pass the night here. What! you are going already. Well, at any rate, don't be so long without coming to see me, and don't be so hurried another time.

Arsinoe and Phyllis set off to make another call, in which they will descend upon Cidalise's censorious spirit,—though she . . . Cidalise sits waiting for another caller, whom she will entertain with the horrid way in which Arsinoe is dressed, and the prudish airs Phyllis gives herself, notwithstanding, etc. etc. etc.

We cannot, of course, tell how far this may be a just description of what takes place in an English drawing-room, because we gentlemen are generally excluded from morning calls, and if we have happened to drop in, our presence has seemed to impose a most embarrassing silence upon the ladies, who, whilst the door was being opened for us, we could hear engaged in the most earnest conversation. But from what we have observed in the homes of our friends, where we are admitted on familiar terms, (a bachelor, alas! has no home) we must confess that we do not think Englishwomen are entirely exempt from the propensity to make remarks on each other's dress. This practice always appears to us to be void of good breeding, to be indeed a relic of barbarism. What else do savages when a white man appears amongst them; they are not satisfied till they have examined him from hat to shoe; literally turned his dress inside out, as we believe some of our fair countrywomen would do with each other's attire if they dared to venture so far. As to the gossiping which evidently goes on amongst French ladies, that is a still more grievous fault; we can only hope that it is not indulged in to anything like the same extent in England.

M. Karr gives us an account of a call which he once made, in company with four young ladies on a bride—a call which, in feminine parlance, "could not be put off a day longer."

This visit had all the character of a coalition, of an invasion, like that of the allied powers in France, in the year 1815.

The lady on whom we were calling, at once felt all the disadvantages of her position; the enemy was too superior in number for her to be able to resist, with any chance of success; a panic took place in her forces, she attempted to make tacit propositions of truce or of peace; she bore the attack of the enemy as well as she was able, and attempted all sorts of stratagems, but in vain. The call was not a long one; every one was in a hurry to share in the booty, and to communicate their impressions. The farewell was cordial, but I saw such signs of impatience in my companions, that I hastened my steps, to prevent the partition of booty taking place too near the scene of action.

It was then I perceived that what each had looked for in the enemy, was what she possessed herself, in the highest degree. "Did you ever see such hands?" said one of my companions, as soon as I slackened my pace; "were they not large and red?" I cast a glance on the hands of the lady who was speaking; they were small, white, and delicately formed.

"And such a foot!" said the second, whose feet are not larger than a child's.

"What a bad figure!" exclaimed the third, whose slight and elegant form had attracted my attention more than once.

"Of course you know she wears false hair!" said the fourth, whose abundant and glossy locks sometimes escape from the comb, by their weight.

"She has not two words to say for herself," added the first, who has great animation and command of language.

This eager dialogue soon augmented in interest, for me. If, at the commencement, my companions had each made me see, by their critiques, the advantages each possessed, they did not delay to make me remark some which, I confess, to my

shame, I had not remarked; others to which, it must be owned, they had but the pretension,—but this I only venture to say with a proper degree of timidity. But women are very far from suspecting all the timidity of men.

Perhaps the assertion M. Karr makes, that women have no childhood, is more applicable to his countrywomen than to ours. But we confess that, even in England, we have too often remarked that a little girl in short frocks and frilled trowsers differs from a woman in nothing except size. Her coquetry, her self-consciousness, her airs and graces, all these feminine qualities show themselves *en petit*, as they will do *en grand*, when she “comes out,” a young lady of sixteen. So that, as M. Karr says, from the age of six years a woman has nothing to gain, excepting in dimensions; but, as he adds; if women are never children, they are also never old. He assures us he has consulted many of his lady friends as to the age at which a woman becomes old, and is convinced they know no more about the matter than he does:

Listen (he says) to a woman of twenty speaking of old women: she does not talk of them as persons whom she will one day resemble. To hear her talk, you might fancy that young and old women are two entirely different species, black and white, and that she belongs to the young, just as she does to the white. But what, after all (he asks), is it to be old? It is not, to have spent a certain number of years out of the mysterious sum allotted to each; no; to be old, is to have lost all beauty, to possess no longer the power to charm. Women (he continues) are often reproached because they will not tell the truth respecting their age. It is much more a piece of absurdity on the part of men to ask it, than on the part of women to conceal it. It is very well to ask the age of a woman whom we have not seen; because it gives one some sort of a criterion, a very indifferent one often, by which to form conjectures as to her personal charms; but it is perfectly useless to ask a woman's age after we

have once seen her, and can judge what she really is, instead of what she pretends to be.

We need scarcely say we quite agree with M. Karr on this point, and with him we should infinitely prefer an old woman who is still young, to a young woman who has already become old. Fair ladies, after such an admission as this, will you not forgive all M. Karr's past and future sins against you? recollect to him you owe the immense benefit of being saved from the stigma which attaches to old maids, for as long as you possess the power of pleasing you never can become such. As for beauty, it is a thing which women never can understand; it does not consist in what they call being pretty or lovely, but in that inexplicable charm, that influence which produces such delightful reveries in the heart, and plunges the spirit into ecstasy. In one word it is love which creates beauty; it is love which gives expression to the eye, grace to the figure, softness to the voice, and infinite charms to the mind; just as love is the origin, the cause, and the end of all that is beautiful and true; love, from which the noblest ambition springs; love which gives birth to genius.

But we dare not trust ourselves to proceed. We will therefore take our leave at once of our fair readers, earnestly assuring them that, whatever we may have appeared to say against them, we entirely agree in opinion with Diderot when he exclaimed,—“Woman, how sincerely I lament with you. There is but one way to make amends for all your sufferings, and were I a lawgiver, freed from all servitude, you should be sacred wherever you appear.” Nay, more, we believe the little boy was right who maintained that it was not “man” but his mamma “who was the noblest work of God.” Surely we have made our peace with you now,—surely you will now believe—

Woman, with all thy faults, we love thee still.

From Household Words.

## SEVERAL HEADS OF HAIR.

Not only has every woman a right to her own hair, but she claims a right to every or any other woman's hair also, which she wears under various pretences. By a cunning contrivance to cheat nature, she pretends that her hair is not acquiring a pearly or a pepper and salt tint; she presents to public gaze a front of glossy black or brown hair, which, in all probability, once belonged to a peasant girl in Brittany. By a natural affection she wishes to preserve in the form of a locket or brooch, a little of the hair which once decked the brow of a departed sister or mother; and she has a trusting faith that the jeweller has really applied that very identical hair in that identical locket. By a desire to be industrious, according to the measure of ladies' ornamental knick-knackery industry, she learns the art of hair-working, and produces a bracelet made from a portion of her own hair.

An act of justice, however, must be done here. Ladies, in recent years, when time begins to do its work upon their hair, have the good sense to let nature alone; they more frequently than formerly abjure false ringlets, as well as the Inestimable Restorative Specifics which every perfumer sells for dyeing the hair a resplendent black or brown. We must whisper that in all coloring agents the chief ingredient is nitrate of silver; which, combining with certain chemicals already in the hair, becomes sulphuret of silver. The result, therefore, is not always certain. Black is generally produced; but instances have been known of the affrighted dyer finding her hair vying in tint with the violet or the cabbage. It may or may not be that ladies recognize the physiological fact, that “the gray hair of age and debility in the human subject results from a withdrawal of the pigment cells;” or that the non-appearance of baldness in women is mainly due to “the larger deposit of fat in the female scalp, which allows of a freer circulation in the capillaries of the skin;” or that “the blood is the only

Macassar of the hair—the only oil which can, in truth, be said to insinuate its balsamic properties into the pores of the head.” It may, or may not, be that they know these things; but they act upon a very simple and intelligible maxim, that as gray hair generally comes when it is right and proper that it should come, there is no reason to be ashamed of it. Nor need fading beauty be wholly dependant upon artifice. Nature will aid her. She makes severed fingers grow again if joined in time, and why not new hair whence old hair has departed? “Hairs may be transplanted, and, it is said, will grow after such transplantation, in consequence of the adhesions and organic connection established between them and the adjacent tissues; a fact of which practical advantage might be taken,” adds cautious Mr. Hassel,\* “if correct.”

Nevertheless, so long as men will wear wigs and perukes, and so long as ladies will indulge in false ringlets and in hair jewellery, there must of necessity arise a market for the sale and purchase of hair, a commercial system, a price varying with all the relations in supply and demand; and it may possibly be that only a small number of persons are really aware of the extent and the curious nature of this traffic. A writer on the hair in the Quarterly Review, a few months ago, appears to have ascertained that there is no less a quantity than five tons of human hair imported from foreign countries into England in a year; applicable, as we must suppose, mainly to the perruquier's art, though there may be modes of employment which we wot not of. This hair is dependant on its color for its marketable value; and the color depends in some degree on geographical position. The light-haired races of mankind are mostly found north of the parallel of forty-eight degrees; comprising, so far as Europe is concerned, England, Belgium, North Germany, a large portion of Russia, and the Scandinavian countries. The black-haired races of the sunny south cease about forty-five degrees; while between forty-five and forty-eight degrees there is a sort of debatable land of brown hair. There are many exceptions to these limits, it is true; for the Celtic race in Ireland, and the Norman race in France, have black hair in spite of their northern position; while the golden beauty of Venetian hair is strikingly in contrast with the raven blackness of the hair in most of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Nevertheless, the general rule is sufficiently near correctness to have significance in the eye of a hair dealer. The brown hair of middle Europe seems to be a kind of neutral tint; naturally resulting from the admixture of the flaxen-haired races of the north with the black-haired population of the south. As to the substance and structure, and chemical nature of the hair, there appears to be very little difference between it and the skin, or between the skin and horn, or between horn and scales, or between scales and feathers; indeed, all the five are mere modifications of the same thing. A lady would hear with astonishment that her bird, when he sets right some erring feather with his beak, is acting with the same chemically composed instrument,

upon the same chemically composed material as Mademoiselle acts when she disentangles with a comb her charming mistress's softly flowing tresses. Few things in nature are less perishable than hair after removal from the body. Hair shut up for thousands of years has been taken out of Egyptian tombs in perfect preservation both of strength and color. It is not so durable, however, during life. “It is generally stated as an undoubted fact,” Mr. Hassel remarks, “that the hair may become white, or turn colorless, under the influence of strong depressing mental emotions, in the course of a single night. This singular change, if it does ever occur in the short space of time referred to, can only be the result of the transmission of a fluid possessing strong bleaching properties along the entire length of the hair, and which is secreted in certain peculiar states of the mind.”

The market of human hair would be very insufficiently supplied if it depended solely on chance clippings. There must be a regular harvest, which can be looked forward to at a particular time. And as there are different markets for black tea and green tea, for black pepper and white pepper, for brown brandy and pale brandy,—so is there a light-hair market distinct from the dark-hair market. The black hair imported into England comes mostly from Brittany and the south of France; it is generally of a very fine and silken black. The light hair comes from Germany, where it is collected by the agents of a Dutch Company, who make yearly visits to various parts of the Germanic States. Forty years ago the fashion was very different from that now prevailing; the light German hair was more prized than any other; and there was a peculiar golden tint held in such estimation that the dealers could obtain eight shillings an ounce for small quantities of it, nearly double the price of silver; but the black hair of France now rules the market. There is an opinion among those who have the best right to opine on such a subject, that the average hair of average English persons has deepened in tint within the last half century: if this be so, it is attributed to the more frequent intermarriages with nations nearer to the sunny south. Whether dark or light, however, the hair which the dealer buys as a marketable commodity becomes to him an article of wonderfully close scrutiny; he can tell by the smell alone the difference between German and French hair; he claims the power to distinguish English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh hair, one from another. The French dealers can detect the difference between the hair from two districts of central France, not many miles asunder, by tokens so slight as would baffle the most learned among our physiologists or naturalists.

This French hair-market is very remarkable. Its dealings extend to two hundred thousand pounds' weight of hair annually. There are wholesale firms in Paris, which send round agents in the spring to various Breton and other villages. These agents are provided with ribbons, silks, laces, haberdashery, and cheap jewellery of various kinds. They attend fairs and merry-makings, and they buy glossy tresses, for which they pay either with these goods or in money. Mr.

\* Microscopic Anatomy of the Human Body.

Trollope, while travelling in Brittany, stopped awhile at the fair in Collené, and was more struck by the operations of the hair-dealers than by anything else which met his notice. In various parts of the motley crowd there were three or four of these dealers, bargaining with the girls for their flowing tresses, which were very luxuriant and beautiful. Several girls were standing together ready to be sheared. They held their caps in their hands; and their long hair hung down to the waists. Some of the operators were men and some women; but in either case the dealer had a large basket near at hand, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown. So far as personal beauty is concerned, the girls do not lose much by losing their hair; for it is the fashion in that part of France to wear a close cap, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen, and, of course, as totally conceals the want of it. The luxuriant crop of hair, which the dealer has obtained for a franc or two, is sorted, and arranged, and passes from hand to hand until it makes its final appearance as a peruke, or some other delicate delusion. The price paid to these girls seems to vary from about a franc to five francs per head (each weighing from three quarters of a pound to a pound), according to the quantity and beauty of the hair. So much does it rise in value by the collecting, the sorting, the cleaning and other preparatory processes, that its wholesale market price is generally from thirty to sixty shillings per pound. Choice heads of hair, like choice old pictures, or choice old china, have no limit to the price which they may occasionally command.

But it appears that ladies, without sending to France for a Breton girl's locks, are encouraged to make trinkets for themselves, with the stray filaments which result from each day's toilet proceedings. We should not have thought this; but there are many things which man is not supposed to think until he is told thereof. We have lately seen a treasure—a beautiful crimson-bound book, with golden embossments and golden-edged leaves. It is written by a Professor and Artiste—an *Artiste en cheveux*—and we see in that a full account of the mode in which bracelets, and lockets, and brooches, and earrings, and feathers, and flowers, and rings, may be made in hair. The Professor takes a stanza by Emerson as his motto—

“When soul from body takes its flight,  
What gives surviving friends delight  
When view'd by day, express'd by night?  
Their locks of hair.”

The Address to the Ladies, which follows the title-page, gives a startling intimation; it is nothing less than an announcement that the first idea of writing the book “originated in the suggestions of some of the author's patronesses; who having entrusted to the hands of artistes their symbols of affection, had, on their pretended return, detected the substitution of shades of other hue. This work, then, is published mainly, with a view of enabling those ladies who desire to preserve some memento of a departed friend in an agreeable form, to work the designs them-

selves, instead of allowing the cherished relic, from a fear of having such impositions practised, to remain for years in the cabinet.” Oh *Artistes en cheveux*! Here is a heavy blow and sore discouragement from your brother!

A lady, with the Professor's book before her commences the enterprise of making a bracelet with her own hair; and she is told at the outset, without any circumlocution, to collect the hair “from the comb and brush” every morning. She is to tie up the small assemblage with a bit of thread or tape, near one end, until, from various mornings' accumulation, she has enough for the designed purpose. She is especially cautioned to prevent the hair from becoming entangled. She is taught how to clean it; by tying it tightly at one end, placing it in a basin containing soda and warm water, allowing it to steep until the water is cold, taking it out, rubbing it gently with a soft towel, and drying it slowly. She learns that, after drying, it is to be combed out, beginning at the ends which are not tied; that, after combing, it is to be drawn gently between two brushes; that, after brushing, it is to be arranged according to the fineness of the hair, or according to the kind of bracelet to be made. She is strictly cautioned to have all the hairs for one strand of equal length, and all the strands of similar size and appearance. The lady artiste has then to attend to a little mechanical philosophy. She is told to take a certain number of leaden plummets or balls, each about an ounce or an ounce and a quarter in weight; and to affix half a yard of strong thread to each plummet. She is told to lay the plummets down side by side on a table, and to tie the strands of hair to the loose ends of the strings with a common single knot, one strand to each string. She is told to collect the other ends of the strands into a bunch, to fasten them together with strong thread, and to cement this fastening with a gum of shellac; and she is entreated with great earnestness not to allow the hairs or the strands to become disarranged during these proceedings.

The work-table the lady cannot make for herself: other hands must precede hers in its adjustment. The table has a circular top, with certain cabalistic numbers and marks upon it; and it is supported from beneath in a way which affords easy access for the fingers of the worker. Then comes minute and careful instructions how to fix a loop of strong thread to the cemented end of the cluster of strands; how to attach this loop to a small hook beneath the top of the table; how to lift the strands singly and carefully, and to range them all smoothly and regularly round the table, on the surface of the diagram of the proposed pattern; how to make this diagram of card-board, with figures plainly marked in ink; how to place the strands in the exact order specified in the directions for working each separate pattern. And then the lady is told the use and purport of an oval balance-weight of about four ounces; how that it is made to hang through a hole in the top of the table, so as to support a piece of small cane or wire: and how that this cane serves as a core around which the work is executed.

Then does the Professor display the beauties



of the patterns which he has devised for the lady's guidance. Here is a cable-bracelet and here a snake-bracelet; anon comes an elastic-bracelet; and after this, bracelets with bead-like, and link-like, and feather-like, and plait-like, and wave-like, and curl-like, and damask-like convolutions of hair. That they are easy to make, we should not be justified in doubting; for although there may perchance be some doubt whether we fully understand the directions, that is no reason why the description should be otherwise than clear to the lady-pupil, who may be supposed to know more about these things. For instance, the formula for a cable-bracelet is thus given, in language which will doubtless tell its own tale to those most nearly interested: "For this pattern, about eighty hairs in each strand are requisite. Place the strands upon the numbers marked on the diagram. Take figure one from the lower part, and move it round in the direction shown by the arrows, into the place of figure one at the top, and bring that round and down at the bottom; and so on with twos, threes, fours, fives, sixes, and sevens; continuing the work in the directions so given, viz.: lifting the right-hand strand into the left-hand place, and that round to the right; observing that the strands are to be lifted round — not crossed over — a wire (about the dimensions of number sixteen knitting-needle will do best to work this on), and that they are to be moved according as they are numbered." The lady is told, in respect to another pattern, that it requires fourteen strands with thirty hairs in each, and that the hairs must be sixteen inches long. She is instructed in the mystery of another bracelet, which requires twenty-four strands of twenty-four hairs each; and which requires, after all the twisting has been performed, a long process of boiling in water and baking in an oven, and transferring to a piece of silk. She is shown another, for which are needed no fewer than forty-four strands of about twenty hairs each; and another with twenty-two strands of thirty-five hairs; and she becomes imbued with the necessary knowledge, not only for working a score or so of bracelets, but for removing them from the table when made.

But the skill of the *artiste en cheveux* is not brought to an end. He teaches how to make lockets, and brooches, and flat bracelets. He tells his lady-pupil that she will require, as aids in this dainty work, a pair of small curling-irons, square lead-weights of about two ounces each, a marble slab about six inches long by four wide, a penknife, a pair of small scissors, a small camel-hair pencil, a tracing-point, small gold vice, gold-beaters' skin, and miniature-painters' ivory. She learns how to collect and brush the hair, and to dip it in water, and to spread it on

the marble slab, to apply the curling-irons to it, and to stretch it, by means of the leaden weights. Hair is so strong, that a single hair from the healthy head will bear the weight of eleven hundred and fifty grains. It is so elastic that, when forcibly extended, it will, on the force being withdrawn, return nearly to its original size and form — not quite. A hair may be stretched a third of its length without breaking; and after being so attenuated, it will permanently remain about a ninth longer than it was at first. The application of the curling-irons shows how tractable hair may become. The natural curling of hair depends upon its flatness. Thus the hairs of a negro are much flatter than those of damsels who oblige themselves to retire to rest *en papillote*. These peculiarities enable the amateur to fashion it by degrees, that it may be fitted to take part in the construction of a locket or brooch. The jeweller must do his part, after the professor and the lady have done theirs; for the artistically-twisted hair must be mounted and adorned and fashioned into a bracelet, a locket, a brooch, or any such trinket.

We have said that the peasant girls of Brittany receive a few francs for their tresses: probably five francs per pound for a good specimen. The agents who collect it send the hair to their employers, by whom it is dressed and sorted, and sold to the hair workers in the chief towns at about ten francs per pound. That portion of the hair which is to be made into perukes is purchased by a particular class of persons, by whom it is cleaned, curled, prepared to a certain stage, and sold to the peruke maker at a greatly advanced price; it may be twenty, or it may be eighty francs per pound. The peruke maker gives to the hair that form of combination which constitutes it a peruke, and which, in its best form, from the best "artists," readily commands twice its weight in silver. Here is one artiste, who has produced "an original design in hair work, after the Tuscan order of architecture surmounted by a bronze figure of Britannia holding a medallion likeness of her Majesty; also, ornamented with wreaths, a medallion of His Royal Highness Prince Albert." Here is an artiste who fascinates us with "bracelets of new design and construction, composed of human hair and gold, mixed throughout; the hair plaited by hand." Here is a master genius, who has produced "a vase, twenty-four inches in height and eighteen inches in circumference, composed entirely of human hair, with the mountings and ornamental parts in metal gilt." Another has presented us with "a bouquet of variously-colored hair." In short, there is a pretty extensive range of application, useful and ornamental, of the cropped crops of human beings.

From Household Words.

#### MY DREAM.

I HAVE a story to tell which my readers may believe if they like, or bring a battery of scientific explanation to bear upon, if they like. I can offer no impartial opinion on the subject, being the party interested.

I only undertake to tell the story as it happened to me.

I was born in one of the midland counties of England, miles away from the sea, in a large old fashioned house of black and white, the upper story of which overhung the lower, and the door of which stood back in a deep porch. The joists and floors were of fine oak, and all the tables,

benches, presses—indeed all the furniture—was of oak; some of it rude and clumsy, but the greater part beautifully carved.

My first notions of Bible history were taken from my mother's bedstead, which was entirely of oak, and carved all over with figures of angels, Adam and Eve, the serpent, and the Virgin and Child.

The house was still called the Old Hall, although it had become little better than a farmhouse. It stood at some distance from the road; a gate on the roadside led up a paved way with a row of sheds filled with carts, ploughs, and farming implements, on one hand, and a large cattle pond on the other, into a spacious farmyard built round with stables, barns and out-buildings, all wearing an old Saxon stamp that I have never seen elsewhere. A wicket gate on the side of the yard opened into a large garden which fronted the house. This garden had several broad gravel walks, and two alleys covered with turf, and hedged with yew trees cut into all manner of quaint devices. Beyond the garden was an orchard containing amongst other trees, some old mulberry trees, which my sister and myself were taught to regard with great reverence.

Beyond this orchard lay ploughed fields and meadows all belonging to my father. No other dwelling was in sight, except a few cottages belonging to the farm servants.

My father and mother were cousins, and both were descended from the same old Saxon family, who had possessed the land long before the Conquest. In the course of years the property had dwindled down to the farm on which I was born. We had no relations. There certainly was an uncle, a merchant in Liverpool, of whom I sometimes heard; but he was an offshoot of a distant branch, and being in trade was considered to have forfeited all claim to be considered one of the family.

I was the only son. I had one sister two years younger than myself—a gentle, pretty child, with long golden locks. She was called Edith. All the education I received, was two years at the grammar school—a curious old endowment, held by "a clerk in orders," to teach Latin and scholarship to all the boys in the parish of Ledgeley Laver. There were about a dozen besides myself; and unless the master had been endowed with the common sense to teach us writing and arithmetic, and a few common branches of education, I don't think we should have had more learning than Tom Thumb carried in money from King Arthur's treasury; which as everybody knows, was a silver threepence. My companions were the sons of small farmers, and came at intervals when they were not wanted at home.

My sister Edith never went to school at all; she stayed at home with my mother, and was taught to be notable. As we continually heard that we were all that remained of the oldest family in the county, we learned to attach a mysterious importance to ourselves.

So we grew up and did not find our lives dull, although my sister never left the house, except sometimes to go to church. When I myself was sixteen, I had never been as far as Drayton Ledgeley, though it was only twelve miles from

Ledgeley Laver, which was our market town. In those days people did not go travelling and rambling about, as they do now.

I might be about fifteen, when one day my father brought home from market a book of voyages and travels, as a present for me. I had done some farm work in a way that pleased him. It was the first new book out of a shop I had ever possessed; and I read it aloud at night, whilst my father smoked in the chimney corner, and my mother and sister were busy knitting and spinning.

That book made a great impression upon me, and set my mind thinking of foreign parts, and might have something to do with what I am about to relate; mind, I do not assert that it had—I am cautious how I assert anything but what I know for a fact.

The night on which I finished reading that book, was the thirty-first of January; the date is remembered by others as well as myself.

That night, I went to bed as usual, and dreamed a long consecutive dream, such as I never dreamed before or since. I dreamed that my uncle at Liverpool sent for me to go a long voyage, on some business of his: and then I found myself standing on a quay, where there seemed hundreds of ships, and all their thin, up-right masts standing like a forest of poplar trees in winter. I knew they were ships, though I had never seen one. I heard somebody say "this is Liverpool." I do not recollect anything about my uncle, nor the business I was going about. I had to go across several vessels, into one that lay outside the dock; sailors were going about in all directions, and there was a great deal of confusion. A large gilded figure-head of a woman was at one end of the vessel, and "Phoebe Sutcliffe," was written under it: I thought it was the likeness of Phoebe Sutcliffe. I had never seen the sea nor a ship before, but I did not feel at all surprised at anything. I looked out on the green waves that were rippling against the side of the vessel; and as far out as I could see, there was nothing but water. I thought it all looked quite right and natural, and the sun was shining quite bright upon some little boats with white sails. As the ship began to move, a voice called, loud and clear, for us to stop, and a young man with a portmanteau of a curious shape, came scrambling up the side of our vessel out of a little boat; he came up close to where I was standing. He was a very handsome young man with a moustache, and he wore a foreign cap.

We began to talk, but I could never in the least recollect what we said. Suddenly a great storm arose, and everything was dark as pitch. I heard the wind howl fearfully; but did not feel any tossing of the waves, as might have been expected. At last there came a dreadful crash; another vessel had struck against us, and we were borne down under the keel of it. I found myself in the water. The young man was close beside me; he pushed a hen-coop to me, and we floated quite pleasantly and easily, towards some rocks, which lay around a beautiful green island, where the sun was shining. The rocks, when we came among them, were like the ruins of a hundred old castles.

"These are the Rocks of Scarlet in the Isle of

Man," said my companion: "I live here, and yonder is my father's house."

When we had clambered up the rocks, and had reached the greensward, I thought I was unable to move a step further. A white house with green outside shutters and surrounded by a low wall, stood close at hand; but I could not stir, and lay down on the ground fainting, though I knew all that was going on. My companion shouted and some men came up; he sent them to the white house. In another minute I saw a beautiful young woman clothed in white, with long black curls, standing beside us. With her was an old man.

"How did you come here?" said the old man. "We were struck by another vessel, and swam to shore; but this youth is dying. Give him a cordial." The young lady stooped over me, raised my head, and was extending her hand for a drinking horn, when the cliff we were upon, began to quake, and fell with a dreadful crash, into the sea beneath.

The crash awoke me. I sprang up in bed, without in the least knowing where I was. The noise I had heard in my dream, still continued. My father burst into my room, saying, "Come away boy! Save yourself! The house is falling!" I was completely bewildered. I did not know where I was, nor whether it was a continuation of my dream; but my father dragged me out of bed, and we all took refuge in the kitchen.

A terrible storm was raging; every blast seemed as if it would blow the house down. A stack of chimneys fell with a terrific crash, and the kitchen window was at the same moment blown in. My mother and the maid-servants knelt down to prayers in a corner, while my father and myself strove to fasten up a strong oak shutter. At length, towards morning, the violence of the gale abated, and we were able to go out, to see what damage had been done. "God help all the poor souls who have been at sea this night!" said my mother pitifully.

I started. I was one of those for whom my mother was praying. Had I not been to sea? And had I not been wrecked? And was it not all as real as the scene now before me? I was frightened, for I did not know but that I might be under witchcraft, of which I had been told much, and which in that part of the country we all believed in. However, I said nothing, but followed my father out of doors.

A scene of great damage and desolation there presented itself; the roof had been blown from the barn; the ground was covered with bricks and tiles, and branches of trees; all the lead-work from the roof had been torn off, and hung down, twisted like icicles. The garden was laid waste; and, in the orchard, two of our beloved mulberry trees were uprooted, as well as a fine old elm and several fruit trees.

The wind was still too high to make it safe for us to be abroad; tile sand stones, and branches of trees, were still from time to time, falling about. The damage done by that storm was fearful, and was recollected through the county for many a year afterwards.

For weeks we were all too busy repairing the effects of the storm for any one to bestow much attention upon me; but at last my father began

to complain that I was good for nothing, and that I went about my work as if I were dazed. My mother agreed that I had never been the same lad since that awful night, and questioned me whether anything had hurt my head.

The fact was, that the whole tenor of my life was broken, and I could not take it up again; I could not forget my strange dream. I was separated from that lovely young lady and her mother, who were more real to me than the people I saw and spoke to every day, and I felt lonely and miserable. The White House on the cliff, and the Scarlet Rocks, what had become of them? Had the house really been swallowed in the sea? I was consumed by a constant sense of disgust and misery. The only hope I had, was, that some night I might dream again and hear what had become of them all. But I never dreamed again, and at last I began to lose my rest.

Every day the dream haunted me more vividly, and when I thought I should never see those two beings more, I felt mad and suffocated with baffled desire.

At length the change in me grew so alarming, that a doctor was called in. He shook his head when he saw me, and said that I must be sent away from home, have plenty of change, and be kept amused, or I should go mad.

Whilst my father and mother were shocked and perplexed by what the doctor had said, and wondering whether going to market with my father, and a visit for a day to the town of Ledgeley Drayton, would not be the sort of thing he had recommended, a letter came. Now a letter was a very great event in our house; I do not think my father had ever received more than three in his life. He would not have received this letter in question, for the next fortnight, if one of the farm servants had not been sent to the town for some horse medicine, and the post-office chanced to be next door.

The letter, written in a clear stiff hand, proved to be from my uncle at Liverpool; it stated that he was getting old, and, having no children, wished to see me; that he and my father had seen less of each other than relations ought. He wanted some one to go and look after his estate in Antigua, and if my father would spare me to him for a short time, he would make it worth my while. A bank note for a hundred pounds was enclosed, to pay the expenses of my journey, and to buy some present for my mother and sister.

There were difficulties raised, and objections made; but I heard the magic word "Liverpool," which was the first stage in my dream, and I insisted, resolutely and passionately, on going. Of course I prevailed. I had never been from home before, but I felt sure I should find my way. I was impatient till I set off; my father saw me to the mail, and I reached Liverpool without accident, and with the vague idea that I had seen all I now saw of it before.

My uncle was a little, dry, spare old man, dressed in a snuff-colored suit, with gray silk stockings and silver buckles. He received me very kindly, and took me about to see the lions as he called them. But the Docks were the only sight I cared for.

My uncle had a notion—rather a curious one—that having been brought up on my father's land all my life, I must of necessity understand how an estate ought to be managed, and this is why he informed me, one day, that he intended to send me on the voyage to Antigua.

I obtained my father's consent, and my uncle gave me instructions as to what I was to do when I got there. I had been accustomed to look after our men at home, and I knew how my father managed them, so that what my uncle wanted did not come very strange to me.

One morning at breakfast, my uncle read a letter which seemed to please him; he rubbed his hands and said,

"Well, lad, after breakfast we must go down and take your berth. I did think of sending you in the *Lively Anne*, but it seems the *Phæbe Sutcliffe* will sail first."

I put my hand to my forehead; I did not know which was the dream or which was the reality.

That day week saw me on board the *Phæbe Sutcliffe*, and clearing out of the harbor. On just such a day, and amid just such a scene, as I had beheld in my dream.

But one thing befel me which I had not taken into account, and which I had not dreamed—I became dreadfully sea-sick; a startling novelty which for the time effectually banished everything but a sense of present misery.

When I recovered a little, I went on deck. My attention was, that instant, drawn to a portman-teau which I well remembered. A handsome young man in a foraging cap was leaning against the side of the vessel, watching a flock of sea-gulls; I knew him again directly. We were standing near each other, and he addressed me as I expected he would. I was curious to know what our conversation would be, as I did not, and never could, recollect what we had said when we met in our former state of existence—I mean in my dream. It was ordinary young men's conversation; we began with shooting sea-gulls, and went off upon shooting and field sports in general. He told me he was in the army, and had been a great deal abroad—in Ceylon, Canada, Gibraltar—and was now on his way to join his regiment in Antigua. I was delighted to hear it, and waited with placid curiosity to see how much more of my dream would come true.

Towards afternoon, a thick fog came on: increasing in density until we could not see across the ship. He proposed that we should go below. "No," said I, "don't go below! You forget how soon the vessel will come upon us that is to bear us down." A pang of mortal fear came into my heart as I realized the terrible moment that lay before us.

"What are you talking of?" said he, in a tone of great surprise. "Perhaps the vessel may not come, said I, but we had better remain on deck."

The words were scarcely spoken, when our vessel struck. I recollect hearing a horrible grating, grinding sound, as if all the planks were being crushed in, like pasteboard; it lasted for a second only. I did not regain my senses until a sharp sense of pain aroused me. I had been dashed upon a low sharp-pointed ledge of rocks; be-

yond those rocks I saw meadows and houses, lying in a bright clear moonlight. It was a momentary consciousness only that I had. I remember no more until I found myself in a bed hung round with white curtains. I tried to raise my arm, and fainted with pain. I lay, I know not how long after this, in a troubled stupor, vaguely sensible of people moving about, but unable to move or even to open my eyes.

At last, I once more recovered my consciousness, and did not again lose it. I was told by an old woman who was sitting at my bedside, that I had been flung by the sea upon the rocks of *Scarlet*, in the *Isle of Man*. That I had been taken up for dead, and brought into her cottage; and that the doctor had said I was not to be allowed to speak on any account. She gave me a few spoonfuls of something, whether of food or medicine I could not tell, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke, my eyes rested on my companion on board ship. Beside him stood the beautiful lady of my dream!

"Am I alive, or am I dreaming again, as I did once before?" I asked.

"You are alive, and will live I hope for a long time; you are not dreaming; this is my sister, *Agatha*, who has had her hands full with nursing both of us, though I escaped better than you did. When you are able to stir, we will remove you to my father's house, but in the meanwhile you must keep quiet."

"But tell me, I implore you! Was not the white house where your father lives, swallowed up in the sea when the cliff fell?"

"Not at all! It stands where it always did; and, now not another word."

I was shortly afterwards removed to my friend's house, which was on a hill about a quarter of a mile from the rocks, and was the same house I had seen in my dream.

My friend's father was Colonel *Panton*; he was on half-pay, and lived there with his daughter. His son and myself were the only survivors from the terrible catastrophe of the *Phæbe Sutcliffe*.

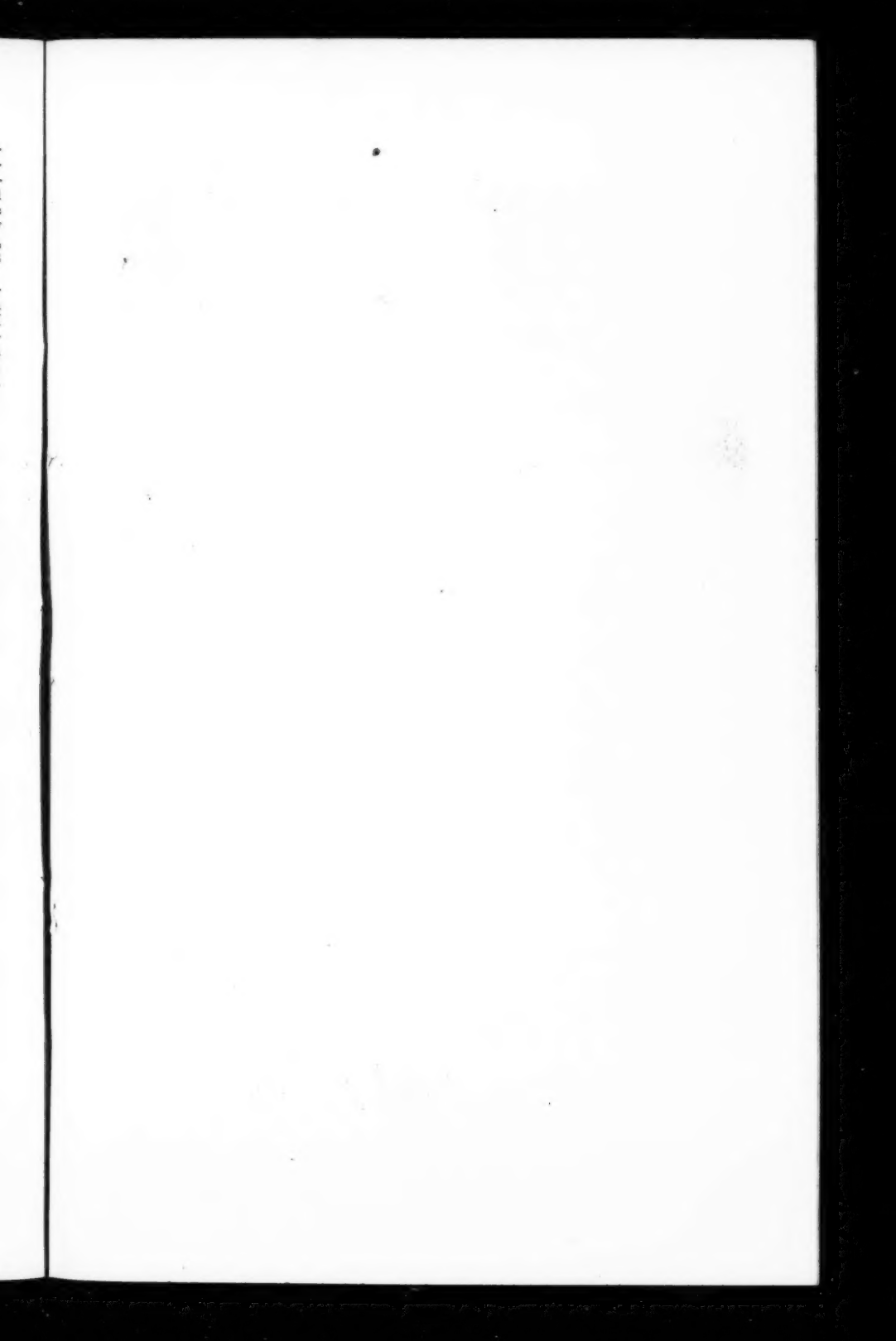
I, of course, lost no time communicating with my friends; but I remained at the *White House* until my health was established.

I confided my dream to *Agatha*, with whom it is needless to say I had fulfilled my destiny and fallen in love. She loved me in return, and her father gave his consent that we should be married "when we came to years of discretion."

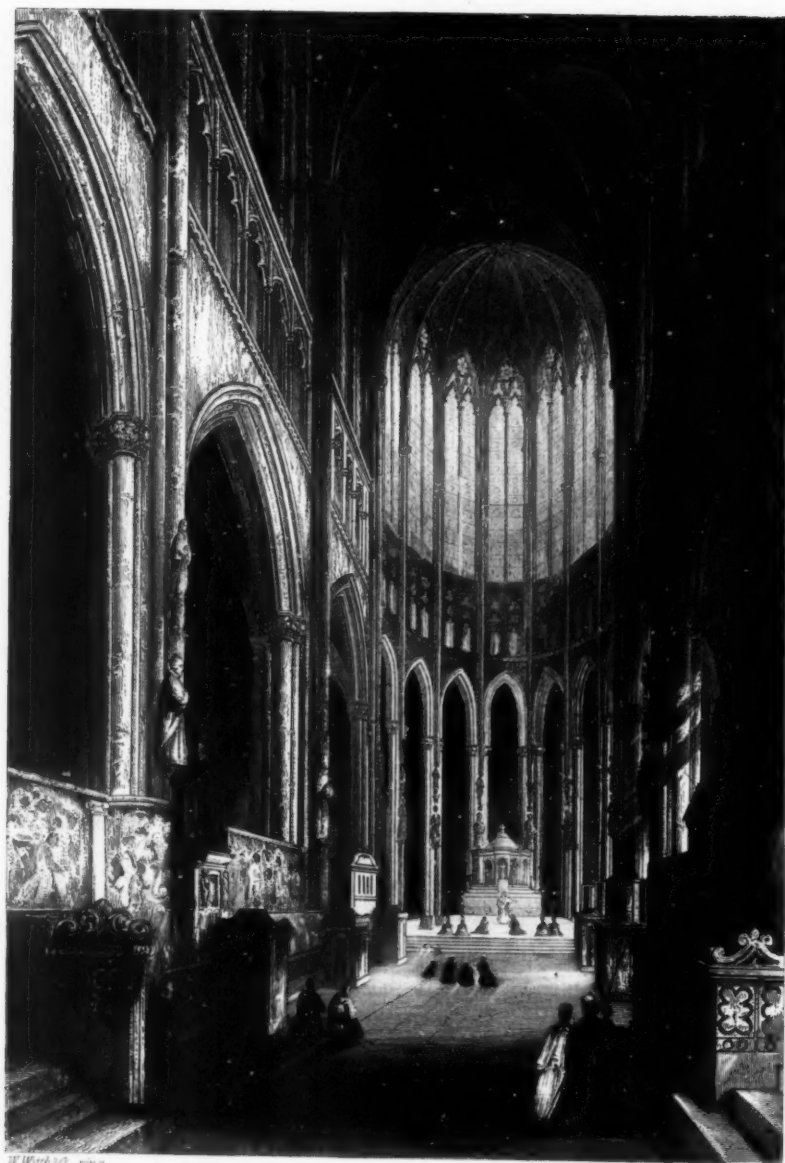
When I went home, her brother accompanied me, and he fell in love with my little sister *Edith*; to which, neither she nor any one else made the slightest objection. *Frederic* and *Edith* have been long married, and are very happy. I went to Antigua at last, and was detained there much longer than I liked; but on my return at the end of two years I was married to *Agatha*, who has been the best wife to me man ever had.

My uncle died last year, and left me the bulk of his property; I only hope I may be enabled to use it well and wisely.

Although my life has been of such unlooked-for prosperity, I would counsel no one to desire to have their future shadowed to them in a dream. Dreams without end have no meaning in them, and never come to anything; yet still, this dream of mine fell out exactly as I have told it.







*H. Winkler sculp.*

*J. H. Dreyer sculp.*

*Cologne Cathedral.*

